

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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No. 43.

Around Town.

Of course the Fair is the sensation of the week. Canada is a country of "fairs;" there is hardly a township that does not have its annual exposition. Once per annum Pumpkin Corners, the capital of Tamarack Township, is thronged by the yeomanry who have rag carpets and big turnips to enter for the fifty-cent prizes. The township and county fair still live, but Toronto has concentrated the whole show business into its Industrial Exhibition, and this city, in like manner to Pumpkin Corners, is torn up when it has its Exposition, and we should not be ashamed of it, for it is the greatest display in America, and reflects the brightest credit on those who have brought it to its wonderful standard of excellence.

On Tuesday I stood near the correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* and as the Durham cattle were brought out to be inspected by the judges he told me he had no idea that we had such magnificent stock in Canada. I asked him to glance at the people and tell me if he had thought we had such magnificent men in this country. He answered that both the people and the products were a very great surprise. So they are to all Englishmen. We are just beginning to produce the finest beef in the world but ever since Canada has been a country we have not failed to produce the very finest men—yea, verily, and women.

If you stand and look at the 50,000 or 60,000 Canadians who in one day visit the Industrial Exhibition, you cannot but be impressed by their evident contentment, comfortable garments and their ability to stay a few days and spend a few dollars in Toronto. As I remarked in my articles descriptive of life in England and France, if I wanted a Canadian to see those two countries, I would have him attend the Derby and the Grand Prix; and if I wanted an Englishman or Frenchman to see Canada in one day, I would invite him to Toronto's Industrial Exhibition.

Talking about churches, when the rectors of Toronto, through Rev. Mr. Langtry, entered suit for their share of the revenue of the church, I felt a very deep interest in the question and sympathized with the rectors, who were none too rich, as against Canon Dumoulin, who, officially but not sentimentally, represented the cathedral. No amount of argument can conceal the fact that the suit was a scandal to Christianity, and when the rectors won it, every one felt glad that it had been demonstrated that the cathedral could not monopolize the riches which should help support the score of Anglican churches in Toronto. But I fear a scandal still more serious may grow out of the administration of the estate by the Synod. Property amounting to an indefinite sum—I should not be surprised if it ran into a couple of millions—is held by tenants who leased it from Bishop Strachan, and had their leases continued by Dean Grasett. Upon the church property thus leased many valuable buildings have been erected, the tenants imagining that they would hold the lands in perpetuity, subject to a simple arbitration as to the increase of ground rent. Those whose leases have recently expired have been disabused of this idea by a peremptory order to appoint an arbitrator to adjudicate upon the value of their buildings, the Synod, I am led to believe, declaring that the expiring leases of all lands held by them now fall due, and instead of an arbitration to fix the further rental of the soil, it shall be an arbitration to decide upon the value of the buildings. This seems to show a tendency on the part of the Synod to make the most of the church lands without regard to the moral rights of the tenants. In construction, as well as in many cases recent repairs, the buildings largely owe their present condition to their position, and if the tenants are to be dispossessed and receive nothing but compensation for the value of the old buildings, many who have been living in comparative luxury on their rentals will be thrown into absolute poverty. That the Anglican Church, which draws large aid from donated lands, should show a disposition to exact the pound of flesh in this matter is not creditable. A glance that I had the other day at one of the original leases shows that they were made and accepted with the idea that they should be continuous. The Synod appears to take the view that Bishop Strachan and Dean Grasett, who asserted to their office the prerogative of disposing of these church lands, had no right to do so, and that they made leases which were, and are, invalid. The contention on the part of Canon Dumoulin in resisting the suit of the Rev. Mr. Langtry was, in short, that he and his predecessors, as officials, were absolute, and did not represent a corporation. Now that the corporation has demonstrated that it is the owner, the trustees may see fit to nullify all the contracts of the men who managed these lands previously. A money lender or land shark might be able to act as if he had only to do with old bricks and mortar in this manner and not draw upon himself the opprobrium of the public, but the Anglican Church certainly cannot afford even to appear as a Shylock. If the daily newspapers looked into this matter they might find some exceedingly interesting and startling points to fill their unlimited space.

The earth wobbled and the moon wavered in its orbit when it became known that Mr. R. W. Phipps had recanted his Protectionist doctrines. The startling announcement, if it had been made earlier, might have destroyed the

prospects of the Industrial Fair; but Mr. Phipps, with his customary kindness and consideration, deferred the shock until we had made a good start with the fall ploughing, otherwise we might have been tempted to forsake seed-time and have no more hope for the harvest. Mr. Phipps for many years after the passage of the N. P. was engaged in a deadly struggle to prove that he, and not Grandfather Maclean, was the inventor of the National Policy. Having failed to convince the thoughtless world that he was the patentee of Canadian Protection, he is apparently resolved to spend the next ten years in a vigorous endeavor to prove that it was not worth patenting anyhow. Mr. Phipps has done some excellent work in promoting forestry, and his letters on that subject, written to the various newspapers of the province, have certainly done great good. But talking about trees, I might suggest that the Protectionist seedling he planted so long ago, has grown to be a big

us, in beautiful periods, of the joy he would feel when he heard the summons, and we could, in imagination, see him tripping gleefully through the jasper gates. Notwithstanding his expressed anxiety "to depart, which is far better," during the whole twenty years I knew him he was continually taking medicine so as not to go before he felt he was actually needed.

This sort of thing is not uncommon. Duty is frequently neglected by those who fear they will lose their lives in doing it. Nowadays the Christian who would consent to be burnt at the stake because he would not recant, would be called a fool for being incinerated for some petty doctrinal point, which, by the use of a little logic, could be classed among the non-essentials. Grown men will get under the bed or shiver under the sheets, and let their wives hunt for the burglar because they have been brought up in some mawkish school where the

of professional men average very much below those of carpenters, and yet the average youth will take his chances at discounting his days as a doctor rather than handle a hammer and saw and be on strike half the time. The people who write these paragraphs about the fools who take big chances are probably in some way taking as great risks themselves. When we look around at mankind and estimate the value of a soul as compared with that of a human life, and see what enormous chances the majority of people appear to be taking of losing the former, it should not astonish us that Prof. Williams is willing to make a balloon ascent at \$400 per trip.

The idea underlying the whole phenomena is that mere living never contents a man, that pleasure is not satisfying and that the whole glory of life is in Endeavor. This being true, endeavor frequently selects that pursuit which is least followed because success can be

people who have a certain inalienable right to a portion of the sidewalk. His particular habit of holding his arms akimbo as he seeks to gain admission to the Main Hall has the effect of knocking the wind and good nature out of people who would make room for him if he would linger for a moment in his headlong career. When I look at these young gentlemen from the townships I have a blood-curdling remembrance of myself when I first emanated from the timber. I wonder if I made a practise of stepping on people's feet and jammed my elbow into the shirt bosom of every passer-by, and I am overcome with sorrow for myself when I recall the burning words of excitement which I sometimes occasioned. The faint recollection of nibbling the works out of a watermelon held in position with one hand while the other was glued on to that of my best girl, comes back like the segment of a dream, and I feel the burning warmth of an internal blush. But if, as in old times, on the night of Farmers' Day, I had been going home with one of those country lassies and left the train at the little station on the town-line and helped her into the buggy for a drive along the well-remembered road, with the woods on one side and the farms on the other, I would have felt no reason for lamentation or any hope for a pleasure greater than to have her by my side. In the memory of country boys like myself there can be nothing sweeter than that unutterable happiness which found expression in the heart but not in the voice. The moonlight, the long shadows of maple and beech athwart the road, the cry of the night birds, the warning bark of the dogs far up the dusky lanes, the drowsy cattle grouped in the green pastures, the yellow fruit in the orchards, and the stillness—that sympathetic quiet which is the charm of the country and is never found in the town—were all in harmony with the rustic lovers who had seemed so uncouth when sight-seeing, who now are in unison with the "voices which from day to day utter speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The roughness, the boisterousness, the thoughtlessness which mark the holiday-maker are gone and love has leavened the coarse lump until softness, sweetness and beauty replace all that is unlovely. Alas, that the morrow always brought its toil and its hardness, and sweet sentiment was buried in the turnip field and softness soured by the trouble of milking a kicking cow! If one could have the farm and regain the freshness of youth, and not have to grow into toll-worn and sordid age, what a delightful thing it would be to dwell on the concession line! But it cannot be managed, my good masters! In this age, when every farmer is his own hired man and ninety per cent. of the farm-wives combine the duties of laundress, chambermaid and cook, with occasional relaxation in driving the reaper or helping to milk the kine, there is mighty little romance in it, except when we reach back and recall pictures embowered in beauties which were too subtle for us to understand and too fleeting to make more than glimpses of sunshine in a life of hard work. But 'tis well that we preserve the pleasant pictures and forget the bitterness. Don.

Mme. Janauschek.

The appearance in Toronto of Mme. Janauschek demands more than passing attention, particularly as it is probable that it may be the final appearance of this actress upon our stage; and even if it should not be positively final, in the nature of things her dramatic career is almost finished.

Remembering Mme. Janauschek's measure of greatness we are led to inquire where a successor, who shall also be her equal, shall be found. Mme. Janauschek stands as a distinguished representative of a dramatic school that unfortunately has very few followers. She represents the classic as against the melodramatic, and it is as a tragic actress that she should alone be considered. In brief, she may be declared to be the exponent of pure and intellectual mimetic force as against that of mere shriek and shiver.

Many dramatic critics contend that Mme. Janauschek is unquestionably the greatest tragic actress now upon the English stage, and even a comparison with Mme. Bernhardt would not make any racial limitation essentially necessary. And yet she is only English by adoption for Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauschek was born at Prague. She first appeared in this country more than a score of years ago in German tragedies, and her introductory visits to Toronto cannot be ranked among her triumphs; but like many another actress of foreign antecedents she set herself to learning the English language, and very quickly became identified with the English stage. Even now in blank verse as in Mary Stuart and Henry VIII the foreign quality of her delivery is not unpleasant, and the genius of the actress makes us quite willing to close our ears to slight oddities of accent.

Remembering her cold reception when first she came to Toronto, and the magnificent welcome she has since received, and will always receive, it is interesting to note the struggles which have marked her famous career. She made her debut at Prague when she was but sixteen. Some years after her father, with difficulty, procured the means to send her to Leipzig. She lost the money provided for her and disdaining to acquaint her father of the loss, joined a travelling company at \$14 per month. Her talents attracted attention, and in Saxony a wealthy family took her under their protection, and at eighteen she was

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JANAUSCHEK.

tree now, and the political and industrial fowls are lodged in the branches thereof, and propose to stay there, even if Mr. Phipps is not entirely content.

Some of the newspapers in small cities like Montreal where they have no Industrial Fair, are talking about the sin of such exhibitions as balloon ascensions and parachute feats, and think that men who thus risk their lives for the sake of notoriety, or to make money for some wicked enterprise which is not located in Montreal, should be arrested and sent to the Reformatory as vagrants. The *Witness* preaches a sermon on this topic, and takes it for granted that bridge-jumpers, Niagara rapids-shooters, aeronauts, "an' all sich," are either crazy or totally depraved. I take a somewhat different view of this question, and with due deference to the esteemed *Witness* would submit that the man who too dearly loves his life is not apt to do a vast deal of good for the world he lives in. It may be silly or sinful to take terrible risks which have no good end in view, but at least tends to show mankind that there are still some people who value other things more dearly than life. Nowadays life is so carefully and properly protected that the fear of losing it amounts almost to a mania. I remember a clergyman who was always telling his congregation how ready he was to go, that he actually longed to pass away and enter the eternal city. He used to tell

boys were not let fight. Many a good mother in this land has to take her twelve-year-old boy to bed because he is scared to go through a dark hall, and he will let his wife, when he gets old enough to have one, split the kindling wood because he is afraid he will cut his feet.

Among the men who hold their lives lightly there is likely to be crime because in valuing their own being as of so little worth they are apt to esteem the privilege of living as not worth much to their neighbor. But still this disregard of life brings out some grand traits of character. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and when he offers his life as a sacrifice it indicates that to him the whole of known creation seems but a small stake. This may not apply to a professional showman, but his desire to make money quickly by risking his life is but an exaggerated form of the ambition which leads so many men from safe and healthy employments into the walks of life where death is sure to come to them much sooner; but they feel compensated for this as they have an easier time and can concentrate more excitement into the days they have to live. For instance, if a man were sure of living to four score if he engaged himself at pounding sand at 75 cents per day with the alternative of only living to be forty and having plenty of money as a locomotive engineer, only a dullard would select the safe job. This is merely an illustration; it is well known that the lives

most quickly seen and applause soonest gained. This will always be true until we are all educated up to the point of appreciating that quiet and unobtrusive manfulness which struggles on, willing to wait for its reward or find it and contentment in the feeling of having done well. Until we get to that point it is better that a man should fall out of a balloon in trying to live too high than die of inanition in being content with living too low.

I haven't seen anything so pretty in a year as the country girls at the Fair on Farmers' day. They are so sweet and unaffected, and their womanly wiles so transparent that one could hardly call them artificial. They would not be less beautiful if they reserved the eating of pie and the squeezing of their sweetheart's hand for places less public than King street. But their enjoyment is so thorough that notwithstanding the fact that their clothes lack the height of style and the expansion of bustle, which mark the attire of the city woman, I like them better. And do not forget that, as a rule, they show good taste in dress and manage to make themselves look pretty.

I am sorry I can't say as much about the country youth. If young Mr. Russet when he comes to town would learn that it is not necessary for him to walk through a crowd as if he were following a plow through a stumpy field, he would cause less inconvenience to other



Society.

The garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin last Saturday was a most successful affair. It was, in fact, a delightful re-union of many friends, who, during the hot summer months, have been separated by mountain, stream and sea. Of course, I suppose, it goes without saying that with such a host and hostess as Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, everything was bound to come off pleasantly, at any rate last Saturday's At Home was one which will linger in the minds of many as a most pleasant memory.

Everyone in Toronto knows how picturesquely situated The Dale is, and everyone knows equally well how much art has assisted Nature in making these grounds so beautiful. The elements last Saturday were in perfect harmony with the occasion, for a more perfect day could hardly have been desired. Then, too, the music of the Grenadier Band was good, in fact, it was excellent, and showed a marked improvement on its performances in the past. Amongst the invited guests were: Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Ardagh, Judge and Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Prof. Boys, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Armour, the Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Allan and Mr. Arthur Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Alexander, Lieut. Gov., Mrs. and the Misses Aikens, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Brough, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Mr. W. H. Boddy, and the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. John, Mrs. and Miss Bain, Chancellor and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, Justice Burton, Mrs. and the Misses Burton, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Bethune, Mr. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. William Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Dr. and Mrs. Barrick, Mr. Baker, the Misses Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Rev. H. Grasset and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Heron, Miss Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Harwick, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Darling, Mr. Frank Darling, Miss Darling, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Willoughby and Miss Crooks, Mrs. John Cawthra, the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Mr. Cobb, Miss Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. A. Campbell, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Cumberland, Miss Cumberland, Mr. Geo. R. Cockburn, Mr. W. Creelman, Mr. Carpmel, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanech, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Dr. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. Coverton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Miss DesBarres, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, the Misses Denison, Col. and Mrs. F. Denison, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Dumoulin, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. English, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. C. F. Fraser, Mrs. F. Z. Gibbon, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. Justice and Mr. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Miss Hoskin, Mr. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Miss Jessie Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Colonel and Mrs. Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. F. LeM. Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, Gen. Sir Fred. Middleton, Capt. Wyse, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. A. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Gamble, Major, Mrs. and the Misses Greig, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson (Hamilton), Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Holmsted, Sir William Howland, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Hawke, Mr. Hill, Mr. Harcourt, M.P.P., Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins,

Mr. Hayes, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. Pike, Mr. John O., Mrs. and Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. Hedden, Prof., Mrs. and the Misses Hirschfelder, Mr. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. Thos. and Miss Hodgins, Dr. Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins, Rev. W. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Emilus Irving, Miss Caroline Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. George A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Dr. and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Joplin, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Rev. Prof. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kingsford, Miss Kingsford, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir Cornelius Kortright, Lady Kortright, Mr. and Miss Kortright, General and Mrs. Keer, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Captain Law, A.D.C., and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Mr. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mr. Mulock, M.P., and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Molson, Dr. McMichael, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. McMichael, Mr. R. O. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacKellan, Mr. James H. Morris, Mr. Morrow, Mrs. Muter, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacKenzie, Mr. Huson, Mrs. and Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, the Attorney General and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Ewart, Mr. and Mrs. MacLennan, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morris, the Misses Morris, Mr. William Morris, Senator, Mrs. and the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Rev. Street and Mrs. Macklem, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Morgan, the Misses Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. D'Alton, Mrs. and Miss McCarthy, Mr. Grant, Mrs. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Kenneth and Miss MacKenzie, Mr. A. M. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moss, Mr. Thos., Mr. and Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. McVittie, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Miss Ida Moffatt, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore, Mr. Mickle, the Misses Mickle, Captain and Mrs. Maule, Mr. and Mrs. Nason, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. and the Misses Nanton, Dr. William Ord, the Misses Ord, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mr. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and the Misses O'Donnell, Justice and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Osler, Miss Osler, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. E. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Mr. Lucius O'Brien and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvy, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Arthur Patrick, Mr. Godfrey Patterson, Justice and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Patterson, Dr. Pike, Justice and Miss Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. F. F. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. Pilon, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Power, Mr. and Mrs. Peplar, Dr. Primrose, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Raymond, Miss Ramsay, Mr. Spence, Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strathy, the Misses Foster, Miss N. and Miss J. Ardagh, Mr. John Small, M.P. and Mrs. Small, the Misses Saunders, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mrs. Grant Stewart, Mr. and the Misses Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Bridgman Simpson, Mrs. Robert and Miss Sullivan, Mrs. James Strachan, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Stupart, Col. and Mrs. Sweeney, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Smith, Dr. Larratt Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, General, Mrs. and the Misses Thacker, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Todd, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Tisdale, Mr. and Miss Tilley, Dr. and Mrs. Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and Miss Van-koughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Rev. Canon Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wood and Miss Wood, Mrs. Winn, Miss Wilson, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Miss Hector, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Wragge, Sir Daniel Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss N. Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Williamson and Mr. Williamson, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Yarker, Mrs. West, Rev. Mr. Dorenton, Prof. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron of the Globe have been spending a few days in Montreal.

The loss of their little daughter has been a severe blow to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson have returned from Europe. Their house has been enlarged and beautified and the rooms artistically finished, especially the library.

Mrs. Harold Otter is in town on a visit to her mother. It is to be hoped we shall hear her sing in public before returning to Chicago, as her sweet voice has not been forgotten by Torontonians who were charmed with her when known as Miss Alice Scott.

Mrs. W. A. Foster has returned from Parry Sound.

Sheriff Widdifield gave his second official dinner at the Toronto Club on the 18th instant. The guests were as follows: J. A. McAndrew, M.P.P., Mr. G. T. Shepley, Mr. T. H. Brunton, Major Delamere, Mr. Severs (Deputy Sheriff of Toronto), Mr. A. Sutherland (Deputy Sheriff of York), Thomas Ballantyne, M.P.P., Mr. James W. Allan, Mr. Thomas Ratcliff (North York Reformer), Mr. G. F. Cane, Mr. W. C. Widdifield, Dr. Gilmour, M.P.P., Mr. E. Cane, Mr. William Sutherland, Dr. Bentley, Mr. J. R. Miller, Dr. J. E. Elliott, Mr. A. Gorrie.

The largely increased attendance this week at the ever popular Monday of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club showed that in a social sense town was once more beginning to fill up. There is an activity in society which seems to promise well for the months of autumn and winter. At the large garden parties of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin on Saturday last, and of Sir David and Lady Macpherson on Tuesday, everybody seemed surprised that so many other people were in town, and now that the fact is recognized, many plans for autumnal gaieties are on foot. To day the world will meet at Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir's house at Parkdale where a large At Home is to be held. How many similar gatherings will it be my pleasure to chronicle before next spring! There are rumors of a large dance in the not very distant future, and of riding parties in the near future. October and November are perhaps even more favorable months for riding than April and May, and before the snow comes and the Toronto Sleighing Club inaugurates the second year of its delightful Saturday drives, the pleasant glades of High Park and the Humber district will frame many a showy cavalcade of fair horsewomen and their gallant escorts.

Mrs. Banks has returned from her summer quarters at the seaside and is once more a resident at Chestnut Park.

Hon. Justice Gwynne of the Supreme Court at Ottawa and Mrs. Gwynne are paying a round of visits to their numerous relatives in Toronto.

Miss Walker of Detroit has been staying at the Island, and attended some of the festivities in town this week.

Miss Cockburn of Ottawa is staying with her sister, Mrs. W. Gwynne, on Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Shanly has gone to Edenwald, Mrs. Howard's house at Orillia.

Mr. G. W. Yarker has been to the States for a few days' change of air after his short but painful illness.

Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Miss Robinson have returned from their island in Lake Joseph bringing with them the last of the numerous guests they have entertained during the summer. Miss Robinson thinks of returning to the island for a part of October, but has first to fulfil an engagement to sing at Signor Agramonte's approaching concert.

Mr. Bodley of London, England, has been paying a short visit to Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Bodley left this week for British Columbia.

Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick also paid a flying visit to Chestnut Park this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Townley of London, England, are staying in Toronto and were present at one, at least, of the week's garden parties.

Mr. Hamilton Merritt has returned to St. George street after doing his share of the work performed by the mining commission in the North-West.

Miss Jones has again left town to pay a short visit to Longuissas, that most hospitable house on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Stephen Howard passed through Toronto this week on her way to New York.

A charming event of the week has been, of course, Sir David and Lady Macpherson's garden party on Tuesday. Although Sir David has not the advantage of a ravine like that of Mr. Hoskin to add a wild beauty to his grounds, yet his wide stretches of turf, his spacious and numerous conservatories, and the brilliant masses of his flowers in open beds, make his garden one that is unsurpassed in Toronto, perhaps even in the whole Dominion. Heavy clouds had been threatening rain all day, but fortunately none fell, there was an occasional gleam of sunshine and, considering the season, the day might have been much worse. Besides Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Banks, Sir David Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Percival Ridout received the guests. With so many hostesses, all of whom are so well versed in the art of entertaining, it was

small wonder that the garden party was an unlimited success. The receiving was done in the picture gallery, while, as rain seemed likely, refreshments were served in the dining-room and inner hall. The Citizens' Band were stationed on the lawn in the angle formed by the two sides of the house and the conservatories, and fully sustained the reputation which their excellent playing has earned them. It was between the band and the house where the guests chiefly congregated—that sort of focus which is always formed somehow and somewhere at every kind of entertainment—but many people, of course, in twos or threes promenaded the long gravel walks, and discovered distant garden seats or preferred quiet corners in the conservatories or drawing-rooms or billiard room. It seemed to me that of those people who are in town, and whom one would have expected to see, very few were absent.

Amongst those I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Miss Cockburn of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and

(Continued on Page El-ton.)

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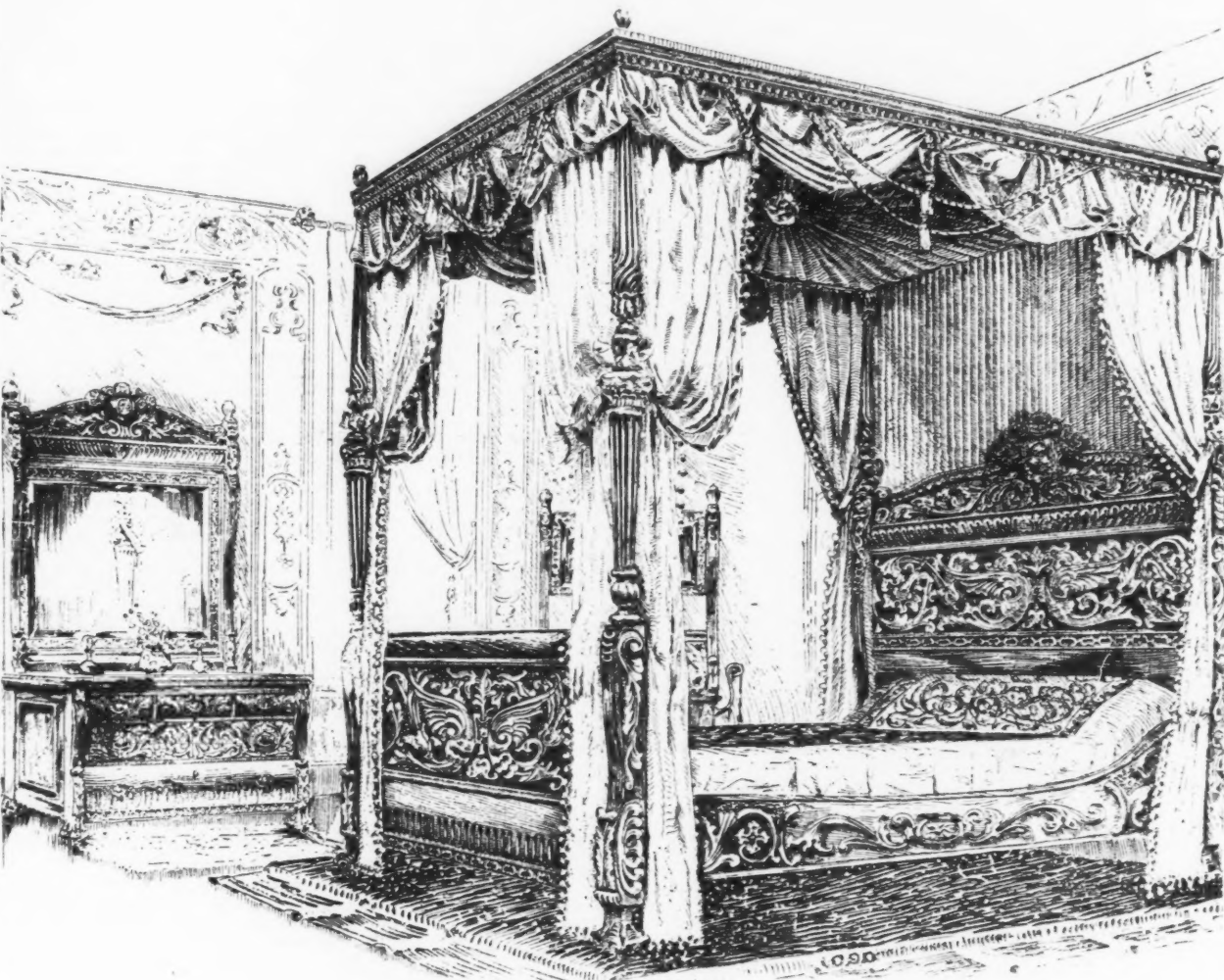
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He could not, however, foresee the character of his sister's opposition. From her pale, scornful face and angry eyes he could see that she was not to be won by any of the arguments of the estate; but when he wrote to his aunt, Lady Massey, telling her the facts of the case and begging her to come to Clitheroe and see Julia, the old lady's cold and contemptuous reply convinced him that this was not the first letter she had received on the subject. His other relatives treated him in the same way; and, bitterly angry, Frank began to give up the idea of the "year's finishing" upon which he had set his heart, and to urge Julia to consent to an immediate marriage. But on this point he found her unexpectedly firm.

"It is not because I do not trust you, Frank," she said. "I know that you will never reproach me with my lowly birth, but until I can move and speak and act before others as your wife should I must not marry you. And, oh, Frank! I have been asking myself, is it right that I should come between you and all your people, your sister?"

"Yes," interrupted her lover, earnestly, "it is right. A man should give up all for his wife; and, my darling, if you will only consent to marry me as once, I will make you happy. I don't want you to enter one bit."

But Julia would not listen to this proposal, although her lover's troubled face and his unceasing importunities tempted her sorely at times. She had another cause for anxiety, too, in the conduct of her cousin Dennis. This young man had long looked upon her as his future wife, and was bitterly jealous of the fine gentleman who had—as he conceived—taken her from him. What with her trouble concerning Frank and the strange behavior of her cousin, it was not surprising that, as the weeks about the cottage became tinted with the gold and amber of autumn, Julia's cheeks grew pale and her step somewhat languid.

"So you are trying to turn into a grand lady as fast as you can," said Dennis tauntingly.

"I—I don't understand you," replied Julia.

The young man sat down opposite to her in the porch, and scanned her fair, startled face deliberately. Dennis was not bad-looking, in spite of his shabby jacket and clumsy boots. He was like Julia's father in the service of the railway company, and had a good deal of responsibility on his shoulders.

He leaned forward and took from beside her a copybook in which she had been writing a French exercise, and looked at the weak, scratchy handwriting with a very perceptible sneer.

Julia flushed and snatched the book from his hand.

"You are unkind!" she murmured.

"If you cannot bear my criticism, how are you going to endure that of your husband's friends and relatives—ay, and of your husband himself after he has married you? It is not so madly in love with your pretty face?"

"I don't want to talk to you on the subject; you don't understand, and you dislike Frank," replied the girl hurriedly.

"I have no cause to like him, Julia. Would no one but the girl I love please him? Still I have nothing to say against him; he's an honorable gentleman, and his friends are all so; but you can't expect me to express much affection for him."

Dennis paused, but his young cousin made no reply.

"It is not for anything that I can say against him that I object to this marriage—it is altogether on your account. I tell you that you will be miserable. You will always have the feeling that you have dragged him down out of his proper station to marry you. All the fine ladies and gentlemen about him will despise him in their hearts; and you will feel that you are the cause of it."

"We love each other," said Julia, almost sobbing. Her cousin's words were but the echo of what her own heart had been telling her for a month past, and she felt them bitterly.

"You love each other!" he cried. "And how long do you think his love will last, with that vision of a sister and all his grand relatives setting him against you? And I do not wonder at it," continued the young man, and, taking the most direct path through the Chase, soon reached the edge of the railway cutting. Slackening his pace, she walked along slowly, looking down into the dark, rugged gap beside her.

"No wonder father opposed this railway so bitterly," she thought. "He said nothing but degradation would result from it, and his prophecy has indeed come true!"

Musing thus, she was proceeding leisurely, the beauty and silence of the moonlit scene about her insensibly bringing solace to her heart and causing her to reflect upon the violence of her conduct, when a man stepped suddenly from behind one of the trees and stood before her. Startled and terrified, utterly unused to be out alone so late, with her nerves unstrung by passion and excitement, Miss Clitheroe screamed aloud, and stepped backwards hastily. With an exclamation of alarm, Dennis Power—for it was he—attempted to seize her dress; but she eluded him, and the next moment felt herself falling.

She was conscious of a heavy shock, a sudden sharp pain in her foot and ankle, and then she fainted. When her senses returned to her, she found herself lying at the bottom of the railway cutting, close to the line of rails. Her face and hands were bleeding, and she knew by a sickening, numb feeling, alternating with twinges of intense pain, that her ankle was either badly sprained or broken.

As she lay on the damp earth, too shaken and frightened to think, and yet taking a certain pleasure in her sufferings, she heard a footstep close beside her, and then a man's voice said:

"Are you hurt, Miss Clitheroe?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk if I help you?"

"No, I cannot."

"Will you allow me to lift you—no? You are very light: I will carry you to the house in half an hour."

"No, no; do not touch me!" she almost screamed.

"If I were a gentleman, you would accept my offer and be thankful," said the young man, looking down sullenly at the little gaily dressed figure at his feet.

"But you are not a gentleman," replied Robina, speaking with difficulty, for her lips were cold and bleeding. "Why don't you leave me here to be killed by the next train that passes? You could all go to Clitheroe then, you know, and stay there."

"I will go to Clitheroe now, at all events," he said quietly, although his cheeks flushed at the bitter words, "and tell your brother that you are here. He will bring a carriage, I have no doubt. That is all I can do if you won't let me touch you or lift you."

The last words were put almost questioningly, but the girl did not hear them. An idea had suddenly come to her, and, instead of shrinking from and shuddering at the evil thought that had been born of her own pride, she treasured it in her heart. If Frank were to come here and find her dead, lying across the rails there, a yard beyond her outstretched arm—if he could see her with her body crushed and mangled, and the heart he had trampled on still for ever—this would be revenge indeed, and would show him what despair at his choice had driven the sister who had loved him to do.

Robina knew that since that part of the railway had been finished an engine had passed along it every night about ten o'clock—for she had often heard it roar and shriek.

Realising for a moment the horrible nature of the crime she was about to commit, she hesitated. "But it is not my doing," she argued—

"to be peace between us at last?"

Trembling and ashamed, Julia knew not what to do. She could not leave her position without being seen, and to be discovered by Robina Clitheroe's scornful eyes as she was looking in secret upon her lover was more than she could endure; so she stood still, hoping that they would soon go away and release her from her awkward position.

"I have come here to speak to you, Frank," replied his sister, in slow, measured tones, as though she were putting a great restraint upon herself. "because, as you know, I am going away from Clitheroe to-morrow for ever."

"Don't say that, Robin!"

"For ever!" she repeated, with bitter emphasis. "I am twenty-three now—I have lived here all my life—it is my home, and oh, it breaks my heart to leave it! Frank—brother—why are you robbing me away?"

"You only torture me, Robin, and yourself also, by such a question," replied Frank, with a tone of manly patience in his voice which thrilled Julia's heart. "You know that I am not driving you from Clitheroe. When my wife comes home, of course she must have the first place."

"And I would have been content that it should be so," cried the girl, losing her self-control as she spoke, "if you had chosen a wife who would have been a sister to me and a bride worthy of my father's son! When our parents died, my heart turned wholly to you; and, oh, I was so fond, so proud of my noble brother that I had no heart for any other!"

"Choose, then, between us, once for all!"

"My choice is already made, Robina," answered the young man, with the same kindly patience that he had manifested before. "You have never loved, therefore you cannot understand what love is. Julia Power is lowly born—well, I shall raise her to my station. She is not educated as you and other ladies are educated—I shall educate her; and, as soon as I can induce her to give me her hand, she shall be my wife."

"If my death," exclaimed Robina, with a violence that was terrible to witness, "could avert this disgrace from our name, I would die now, by my own hand, willingly!"

She pressed her hand to her bosom as she spoke, gazed at her brother sadly for a few moments, and then, without a word, walked slowly into the room through the open window.

For a little while Frank stood still, his face pale and weary. Then he spoke aloud, his eyes turned toward One Tree Cottage, his words falling softly upon the scented air.

"Good night, my darling—my wife that is to be!" he said, and, turning, disappeared within the house.

Almost blind with weeping, Julia went back by the way she came. She could not trust herself to release him, to part for ever from him that night.

"Oh, how true, how honorable, how good he is!" said the girl to herself, sobbing. "How can I give him up? Oh, what would my life be if he were lost to me for ever?"

When Robina Clitheroe left her brother, she was almost bereft of her senses. She had not spoken to him for some weeks, and she had thought that, if she sacrificed her pride to make one last appeal to him, he would be influenced by her. As she walked down the long room hung with portraits of the Clitheroes of old, she wished that she had fallen dead at her brother's feet.

At the lower end of the room another French window opened upon a flight of gray stone steps leading down into the garden. As she passed it, an idea occurred to her.

"I will degrade myself still more for the sake of our family honor," she thought bitterly. "I will go to this girl. I believe her to be good and virtuous; perhaps she is proud also. I will threaten or entreat or sting her into giving up Frank—I can but try."

Without waiting to get hat or wrap, she stepped through the open window and went down into the garden. Her blood was coursing wildly through her veins, and the cool evening air felt pleasant to her bare arms and neck.

She went on through the garden, and, taking the most direct path through the Chase, soon reached the edge of the railway cutting. Slackening her pace, she walked along slowly, looking down into the dark, rugged gap beside her.

"No wonder father opposed this railway so bitterly," she thought. "He said nothing but degradation would result from it, and his prophecy has indeed come true!"

Musing thus, she was proceeding leisurely, the beauty and silence of the moonlit scene about her insensibly bringing solace to her heart and causing her to reflect upon the violence of her conduct, when a man stepped suddenly from behind one of the trees and stood before her. Startled and terrified, utterly unused to be out alone so late, with her nerves unstrung by passion and excitement, Miss Clitheroe screamed aloud, and stepped backwards hastily. With an exclamation of alarm, Dennis Power—for it was he—attempted to seize her dress; but she eluded him, and the next moment felt herself falling.

She was conscious of a heavy shock, a sudden sharp pain in her foot and ankle, and then she fainted. When her senses returned to her, she found herself lying at the bottom of the railway cutting, close to the line of rails. Her face and hands were bleeding, and she knew by a sickening, numb feeling, alternating with twinges of intense pain, that her ankle was either badly sprained or broken.

As she lay on the damp earth, too shaken and frightened to think, and yet taking a certain pleasure in her sufferings, she heard a footstep close beside her, and then a man's voice said:

"Are you hurt, Miss Clitheroe?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk if I help you?"

"No, I cannot."

"Will you allow me to lift you—no? You are very light: I will carry you to the house in half an hour."

"No, no; do not touch me!" she almost screamed.

"If I were a gentleman, you would accept my offer and be thankful," said the young man, looking down sullenly at the little gaily dressed figure at his feet.

"But you are not a gentleman," replied Robina, speaking with difficulty, for her lips were cold and bleeding. "Why don't you leave me here to be killed by the next train that passes? You could all go to Clitheroe then, you know, and stay there."



Well-informed, but near-sighted man—Come here, good doggie! Dogs, my dear, are the most intelligent members of the brute creation—



Well-informed man (with great presence of mind)—And one of their most interesting habits, my dear, is to shake themselves violently, after they had been in the water!—Puck.

"It is Frank's; he has driven me to it!"—and she tried desperately to drag herself forward to the rails. It caused her intense pain to move, but she set her teeth firmly together, and did not utter a cry until she lay with her head and shoulders across the line. Then she felt the earth tremble faintly beneath her, and a distant rushing sound fell upon her ears. For a moment all that was good and pure within her rose up and rebelled fiercely against such a crime. She knew that there was time yet to crawl away and live, but she would not. When her brother came, he should find her with the life crushed out of her by the cruel wheels; and then let him marry whom he would—it would be nothing to her!

The sound which was like distant thunder grew louder and more distinct, and far down the line a speck of white light was growing brighter and larger.

"Miss Clitheroe, Miss Clitheroe, do you not see? Oh, drag yourself off the line! Oh, Heaven give me strength to help her!"

Robina turned her eyes from the fast approaching light and looked upwards. Every nerve and muscle in her body was quivering to obey the frantic appeal, but her determined spirit held her still. Kneeling at the edge of the cutting, plainly to be seen against the moonlit sky, Julia Power gazed with a white and agonised face into the darkness below. Robina knew her at once, and even in that awful moment was glad that she was there. Her revenge would be complete if this girl saw her die.

Only for a moment Julia stared down helplessly at her; the next, with a muttered "Heaven help me—I must do something!" she clutched the grass at the top of the cutting and let herself down over the edge, hung there for an instant, her body swaying in the air, and then dropped at least twelve feet on to the ground beneath. The shock threw her upon her face, but the dauntless girl was upon her feet in a moment.

The engine was very close now. The earth was quivering at its near approach, and, as it came on with a rush and a roar, a scream of terror, a cry for mercy, for life, burst from Robina's white lips. But a pair of arms were about her, and a white face was close to hers; and, as she turned and clung to her preserver, who was in imminent and deadly peril herself, she was dragged bodily off the line.

Julia had not been a moment too soon. As she drew the passionate self-willed girl down into the hollow beside the rails, the engine rushed by, and Robina, her clinging arms falling from about Julia's neck, fainted upon her preserver's shoulder.

The fragrant morning air, coming in a soft breeze across the roses that twined around Julia's window, fanned Robina's Clitheroe's cheeks, and bade her open her dark eyes upon a beautiful world once more. The pain of removing her and dressing her broken ankle was over now, and she had had some hours of uninterrupted sleep.

It was with a sensation of devout thankfulness that she looked about the little room and at the sunshine and flowers without. When she recollected her sin of the previous night—how she had been about to destroy her life while her heart was filled with evil passions—she felt humbly and sincerely grateful for the calm and peace about her, for the life she had so nearly thrown away.

Some one was sitting behind the white curtain at the head of the bed; and, stretching out her hand, Robina said gently—

"Julia!"

The girl rose hastily and knelt down by the bedside, blushing and trembling.

"Very cruel to you!" I have been very wicked, very cruel to you."

"I never thought hardly of you, Miss Clitheroe. I am to blame," said Julia earnestly.

Robina made no reply for a few minutes, but lay silently looking at the brown head so near her; then she asked:

"Is Frank here?"

"Yes, I am here. You have been asleep. Robin!" Frank entered the room as he spoke and bent over his sister. He saw that she held

Julia's hand in hers, and he said softly, "Friends at last, dear!"

"Yes, Frank; she has forgiven me," answered Robina, pressing the hand that trembled so in hers. "She saved me, at the risk of her own life, not from death only, but from death by my own hand. Yes—I, an educated lady, well born and well bred, taught and trained all my life to walk in the right path—I was about to commit the sin for which there is no time for repentance; and this child—my enemy, as I always called her—risked her life to save me!"

"I did not know that," said Frank, in a low tone; while Julia laid her brown head on the pillow and kissed the face that was so like and yet so unlike her lover's.

It was under Miss Clitheroe's charge, after all, that Julia went to Madame Veve's; and, when she had spent a year in that select establishment, it was Miss Clitheroe who stood behind her at the altar, the chief of her six bridesmaids; and many people observed how soft and tender Robina's bright eyes became whenever they fell upon her new sister.

Julia was as gracious and noble a mistress of Clitheroe and as good and fair a lady as ever reigned there; for with her and with her husband honor and love went hand in hand, and the happy pair shed blessings upon all around them.

Love Letters in Court.

Newspapers have a rage for publishing love letters that are produced as evidence in breach of promise and divorce cases. That would be bad enough for the parties concerned if they corrected the grammar and orthography, but they won't do it. They take delight in reproducing these amatory and damaging epistles with all their imperfections on their heads. If the infatuated lover tells his innamorata that she is his "dere luv" and he "kneads her evry our," that is the way it goes into the paper. If he promises her "a dr cloke" it is spelled that way in type. And if in a hurried and, as it often proves, unguarded moment he alludes to her as his "betwoved," the pitiless proofreader couldn't be bribed with any amount of money to substitute the conventional way of spelling the word. These things are particularly harrowing to the father of the incomplete letter-writer, whose shame at the publication of the correspondence is mingled with the mortifying thought that he has squandered money on the young man's education. The safest way is not to write love letters, but if you do it would be advisable to have them corrected and revised by some expert in grammar, orthography and punctuation before mailing them, so that in case they get into court and the newspapers you may not be set down as illiterate, however much you may be suspected of being a fool.

Anything He Could Get.

"I suppose," said the judge, as he turned to the burglar, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "in your business you take anything you can get?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the prisoner, noting with satisfaction the judge's pleasant expression, and beginning to feel encouraged.

"Oh! As I thought," replied the judge, with more twinks. "Well, I have a sentence of four years at hard labor that's beginning to get mouldy from lying about unused, and if you would just take it away with you, it would be better for all concerned."

And then everybody laughed except the burglar.

Knew Him.

He was a great swell, one of the affable, polite kind, who had worked all his life to get the reputation of knowing everybody. He prided himself on his tact, and flattered himself he knew exactly the degree of familiarity to extend to any given degree of life. He was a great card in the best society. He never made any mistakes; when he was not quite sure who it might be, he relied upon his instinct. He was walking in great state down the street, and a quiet respectable-looking man, a man



The Danger of Relying on Averages.

Uncle Rastus—"Pears to me, Brer Yallerby, dat dar am a triflin' obliquity 'bout yo' chilluns understandin'!"

Brer Yallerby—"Well, takin' 'em individoo-ally, Uncle Rastus, dat seems to be a fact; but collectively, yo' see, de opposition ob de lines ob beauty makes 'em av'rage up pretty straight!"—Puck.

with a solid kind of business air about him, was coming towards him. He remembered the face; he was sure he knew him, and he did not want to be impolite. The man looked at him as if the recognition were mutual. That was enough. When he did anything, he did it with all his heart. He stopped and held out his hand, and his grasp was full of cordiality. How do you do? Haven't seen you for an age. You are looking well. Where are you located now? "Same place—butler at Mrs. McGee's."

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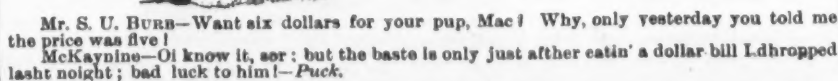
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The Exhibition of 1888.

The exhibition, after a two weeks' successful run, closes its doors to-day. Nothing succeeds like success, and assuredly the latter has attended the efforts of the directors from the Society's inception up to the present date. In bygone years favorable weather has assisted us, but it is not by chance or good luck that the Industrial has attained to this position of assured success. The latter is but the logical outcome of shrewd foresight and executive ability, admirably seconded by hard work and persistent effort on the part of men who have been selected to carry out this work.

The Industrial Exhibition of 1888 has deserved the hearty support of our citizens and our country cousins, and we are glad to know that it has received that which it has so well deserved.

Haul Down That Flag.

After many years of koodooing to the American flag a portion of our citizens have awakened to the idea that the Stars and Stripes must go.

The absence of the American flag at the pavilion on the occasion of Lord Stanley's visit last week, was an eminently proper thing. The viceroy represented the throne on that occasion, and monarchs love not to gaze upon the emblems of a foreign power within their own domains. Strict etiquette required that the Union Jack alone should be visible and strict etiquette was duly and properly observed.

On the other hand our pettishness in withdrawing the American flag from the Exhibition buildings is childish, to say the least of it. One of the primary objects of the first exhibition in 1851, and succeeding exhibits was to bring the nations together in peace and amity, and in such a connection the more foreign bunting displayed, the better. True our relations with our neighbors have been slightly strained of late, but, up to date, Canada has not panned out second in the matter of dignity and self-respect. Let us, by all means, present an unyielding front to any infringements of our rights, but let bluster and pettishness be conspicuous by their absence from our national programme.

Young Hayseed.

With the better half of his savings in his pocket Young Hayseed reaches town during Exhibition week and proceeds at once to make things hum. The quiet home life, the hens, the pigs, the fiddering of cattle, the mending of fences and the thousand-and-one duties of farm life are forgotten in the all-absorbing idea of seeing the sights and painting the town a bright vermilion.

His is not an idea born of yesterday. No indeed. Away back in the early spring, ere yet the snow had melted in the valleys, he had dreamed of the good time coming. Now it is here, and with it we behold the healthy, tanned countenance, and generous feet of Young Hayseed.

We all know him, and recognize him at a glance the moment he steps into our midst. He rises from his bed at the cheap hotel or boarding house at an early hour, and long before the breakfast bell is heard, he is traversing the streets.

During this early walk he stumbles across a fellow agriculturist from his own neighborhood and the two immediately join forces and proceed to make a day of it. About the middle of the day the Exhibition turnstile registers the admission of Hayseed and his friend in a fairly presentable condition. After a critical survey of the cattle pens, the worthy pair wander around the grounds, working the growler in the meantime with praiseworthy assiduity, and as the evening shadows fall prepare to seek once more the whirl and dissipation of city life.

By this time the condition of the twain is hilarious to a degree. The restraining influence of country bashfulness has departed under the influence of the ardent. Just about this period, also, Young Hayseed becomes vain-glorious, and seeks the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth. And most assuredly he finds it. He always does; such is the invariable luck of obnoxious Hayseeds searching for gore. But he doesn't find it nearly so entrancing as he has been led to expect. Sweeping the pavement isn't nearly so pleasant when one has to play the part of the broom. Fired out of a saloon in double-quick time by the little bulldog looking bartender, whom he has wantonly insulted, Young Hayseed is gathered into the fold by the strong arm of the Law, and, bruised and battered, his aching senses awaken next morning where the early sunlight throws a stray gleam athwart the cheerless walls of the "cooler."

A few hours later he has the privilege of contributing his little mite to the city treasury, and, with the parting advice of the P. M. ringing in his ears, Young Hayseed wanders forth to freedom once more. But he has only one thought, one yearning now—to get home again—and, the old farm reached once more, for months after he paralyzes the boys, who meet on Sundays at the cross-roads fence, with an account of the "bully" time he had "down to Toronty" in the fall.



The Kimball Opera Company gains in popularity with each performance, and worthily so. The freshness of its choristers and the beauty of their dresses, with the really clever marching of this little company, afford most gratifying amusement, while the acting and stage management are excellent. The singing, which after all is an important factor in an operatic performance, is perhaps not all that is to be desired, while the orchestral work is frequently bad; but the seeker for musical amusement somehow overlooks this, for the whole presentation is delightfully natural and absolutely without any straining after the conventional stage effects of operatic singers. Prince Methusalem last week was an improvement on the Lace Handkerchief, as the company had shaken down and got into better working order, and as the music is in many places brighter.

On Monday evening the Princess of Trebizonde received its first representation, and is, so far, by all odds the funniest of the season, though we do not get much music in it. Here and there the wicked old Offenbachian trick of slashing, dashing music comes in, and reminds one of the days when this genial old composer possessed the charms of novelty. A pretty effect is made in the second act when a duet from his Magic Melody is interpolated. The acting in this opera is broader and more comic than in the others, and the waggeries of Messrs. Chapman, Bell and Winter come fast and furious. Miss Julia Earnest, a new aspirant for Toronto favor, developed a most sprightly and effervescent humor as Regina, and contributed largely to the success of the Princess.

The great Birmingham festival came off successfully on August 23, opening with the time-honored Elijah, which for forty-two times, with one solitary exception, has been the opening number of this great musical event. Herr Carl Richter conducted, and the principal soprano part was sung by our countrywoman, Mme. Albani, who never sang with greater brilliancy or impressiveness. The others were a rare party: Mme. Patey, Mme. Trebelli, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Charles Santley. Drorak's Stabat Mater was sung in the evening, when the Jupiter Symphony, Liszt's third Rhapsodie and the Oberon Overture were played. On the second day Dr. Herbert Parry's new oratorio, Judith, was produced, and is spoken of as one of the most masterly compositions of the kind since the Elijah, being an intellectual and scholarly work, though wanting in the musical inspiration and flow of melody that distinguish Mendelssohn's great work. Franz's 117th Psalm for unaccompanied double choir, also a novelty, and Haydn's symphony in D closed this concert.

On Wednesday evening Sullivan's Golden Legend was performed, with Mme. Albani, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd, and Sig. Foli as soloists, who gave magnificent renditions, while the chorus was superb. The other numbers at this concert were Grieg's concert-overture, In Autumn; Oh, Abscheulich, from Fidelio, and the Meistersinger Vorspiel. On Thursday morning The Messiah was sung, the solos being sung by Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Signor Foli and Mr. Banks, a Birmingham man, who made his festival debut, and whose voice and style much resembles that of Sims Reeves. The evening performance saw the production of Dr. Bridge's cantata, Callirhoe, which scored a success, having an engaging subject, most felicitously treated. The cantata was followed by Grieg's Orchestral Fantasia, The Meistersinger Preliedung sung by Mr. Lloyd, the Meistersinger Entr'acte, and Brahms's Academic Festival Overture. The Festival closed with the performance of Bach's Magnificat, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Berlioz, grand Messe des Morts.

The Toronto College of Music was opened on Monday, and the large attendance of students showed most conclusively the high estimation Mr. Torrington is held in, and also the undoubted fact that its establishment is most opportune, and is just what the embryo musical world required.

On Thursday next Signor Agramonte will give a concert at the Pavilion, forming the first event of the season, at which the performers will be Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss A. Robinson, Miss A. Langstaff, Miss Harriette Cheney, Miss Sedohr Rhodes, Miss Maude Hare, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. G. H. Mackenzie, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. J. F. Thomson, assisted by Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink, who is the concertmaster of the great Seidl orchestra.

Profanity Among the English.

I heard an Englishman say not long ago that the reason he liked to be associated with a certain man in business, although that man was not very prompt in paying him his salary, was that he always spoke to him as a gentleman, and never swore at him. Another man who offered him a better position he hesitated to go with because he peppered his conversation with oaths. Not that the Englishman was such a tenderfoot, but he did not like such rough language. He said that it irritated him to have a man say to him, even though he meant to be perfectly amiable, "Where the h— have you been all this time." It was a form of greeting which, while intended to be cordial, was unpleasant.

He did not deny that Englishmen swore, but he said he never heard oaths among the same class of Englishmen as were used by Americans of the same set. Of course you do not expect to hear a woman use profane expressions, but an Englishwoman will not use any of the violent words that even an American lady has in her vocabulary. You may offend an English woman to the last point of her endurance, but she will only be "vexed," or, under unusually strong emotion, "very vexed." I notice that the young Americans whose lives are devoted to imitating English manners are very soft spoken, and their great aim seems to be self-suppression. They consider it bad form to show any emotion at all.



If anyone were to ask me in what lies the great charm of W. J. Florence's acting I should at once ascribe it to the spontaneous manner in which wit, and the most astounding hyperbole, bubble forth from the lips of this, the most popular of our modern players. Florence is always perfectly natural, there is nothing strained in his movements. Everything is in his favor, and everything goes as far as his audience is concerned. There is a blandness, I might almost call it an oily unctuousness, that winks at you from his genial old face, which is irresistible. There is, of course, a strong family likeness between the different characters he sustains, and yet, somehow, it always seems to me that Florence is best in the character which he plays, for the time being. That man is always most popular who flatters or tickles the world at his own expense. In his character of Pinto Perkins, in the comedy of Our Governor, Florence does this most effectively. The highly imaginative, impulsive and good hearted Governor, than whom a more tuneful and picturesque liar has probably never trod the boards, was made the most of at his hands. The Governor is never stuck for a lie; never for one moment does imagination fail him, where any ordinary man would be driven into a corner ashamed and discomfited, Pinto Perkins, or rather W. J. Florence, always rises to the occasion, and not only that, but carries the war into Africa, and by one grand, stupendous piece of successful hyperbole marches from the field with flying colors amidst the enthusiastic applause of a delighted audience. And not only is Florence laughable himself but he is the cause of laughter in others. There was a stout old gentleman near me who hung on by the seat in front of him, and laughed so immoderately that copious perspiration alone checked incipient apoplexy, and who confidentially informed those who sat in his immediate vicinity that he was "too fat for such luxury as this."

It is generally a good sign when a man is called by his abbreviated given-name. It at least indicates that he is in sympathy with the crowd and that he has their sympathy. No one is more warmly welcomed to Toronto than "Billy" Florence. There is no comedy drama which contains more genuine entertainment than Our Governor. It has a little plot, is natural, interesting and amusing. Pinto Perkins, generally known as the Gov'nor is played by W. J. Florence in a way that excites laughter without breeding contempt. He is funny and yet his lines include many good things. In the many years he has been traveling his lecture to Emma Kingsley on the ruin wrought by the wife who forsakes her home must have done a vast deal of good. That he is such a continuous and incessant liar makes his lack of truthfulness a comedy and not a sin. There is probably nothing that would amuse an Exhibition audience better than Our Governor. It would amuse any audience. In all his characters W. J. Florence talks the same as he does when off the stage, and it may not be as much art as an adaptation of characters to himself which has made him so popular. At least it is certain that he is popular, and that his representations are charmingly natural and uproariously amusing. Whether as Captain Cattle or Pinto Perkins Billy Florence can amuse an old theater-goer or a novice as thoroughly as any man on the American stage. Mrs. Florence continues to be as amusing as ever, and Miss Marion Russell's Stel Perkins was very pretty. The rest of the company averaged at about seventy-five cents on the mighty dollar. No matter what he plays Billy Florence will always be welcomed to Toronto by large audiences.

Next week Janauschek will hold the boards at the Grand in Macbeth on Monday, in Mary Stuart on Tuesday, in Mother and Son at the Wednesday matinee, and in Meg Merrilies on Wednesday night. During the last three nights of the week the talented lecturer Ragen is billed to appear.

At the Toronto Opera House the Kimball Opera Company played the Princess of Trebizonde during the first three nights of the week. Candidly speaking, I prefer the company in Prince Methusalem. The funny business in the Princess of Trebizonde is a trifle coarse, and very occasionally it is decidedly heavy. Mr. Bell as Cabriola was good, in fact this player is capable of better work than he was cast for on Tuesday night. Mr. Ed. Chapman proved a mite of fun to the house in the character of Termoline whose claptrap cry "but I must dissemble," came a little too frequently to be genuinely funny. Prince Raphael lost nothing at the hands of Miss Chapman, who infused a considerable amount of vim and go in the portrayal of that amorous youth.

During the latter part of the week the ever-popular Mikado was presented to well filled houses.

For the next week Mr. Shaw advertises Chapman and Sellers in My Partner.

STAGE NOTES.

Mary Anderson is making a short tour of the British provinces for four weeks before coming to New York. She will leave England on October 28, and will be seen in A Winter's Tale, which will be given with the same completeness as in London.

When William Gillette presented Held by the Enemy he touched a patriotic chord in the very patriotic American's heart. Send off a cannon, blow a bugle, and pound a drum, and you are exciting the blood of the average man. Gillette was shrewd in filling a stage with brass buttons and clanking spurs. From the

moment the first nighters heard the clatter of Gillette's cavalry the young man's status as an inventive author was fixed. He galloped to victory with a slab of soapstone and two blocks of wood. The impressionable auditor pictured the terrible battle going on in the wings. He forgot the crudities in full view on the stage. When interest flagged for a moment Gillette made everything exciting again with a bugle call or soapstone clatter.

In the company was an amusing man, whose festive temperament made him, I fear, a little unreliable in the wonderful dramas, often nautical, which were a feature on Saturday nights, although very often, I dare say, his own words were as good as the author's. Sometimes, however, he could remember none, and then, with amazing effrontery, took refuge in a stock speech, which he delivered with great solemnity to whoever might be on the stage with him at the time, no matter what the circumstances, the period, or the costume of the play chanced to be. Whether prince or peasant, virtuous or vicious; whether clad in sumptuous raiment, or shivering in rags, it was all the same to him, leaving his unhappy comrade to get out of the difficulty as best he could and bear the brunt of the position. These were the never-changing words, which I recall distinctly: "Go to, thou weariest me. Take this well-filled purse, furnish thyself with richer habiliment, and join me at my mansion straight!" Exit.

Wit and Humor.

The first boy-cot—Cain's little bed.
In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.

The best way to get at the tongue of a bell is to peel it.

A headache may often be considered a champagne issue.

Right kind of a girl for a restaurant—one that is tasty.

Washington has a Summer home for cats. It is said to be surrounded by a caterwaul.

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.

Sonny—Papa, has the Duke of Marlborough much power? Papa—He has the widow's might.

There is a large number of Poles in Connecticut. They ought to move to Massachusetts and raise beans.

Contentment may be better than riches, but few of us can make affidavits about the matter either way nowadays.

When young men and maidens go out canoeing together their thoughts are sailing to the port of canoodled felicity.

The young fellow who wants to vote, but will lack a day of being twenty-one on election day, must feel lack-a-day-sical.

"Yes," said Mr. Newpope, "I'm head of the firm down town, but when I'm at home nights I'm floor walker most of the time."

The play entitled The Postage Stamp hadn't been out two weeks when some one tried to lick the author, as might have been expected.

To judge from the manner in which humanity has pined for it ever since it was first partaken of, the forbidden fruit must have been a pine apple.

"Are you acquainted with Jimson over there?" "No." "He's laid out more men than you could count in an hour." "A desperado, eh?" "No; an undertaker."

She—"Harry, you would make a poor soldier." He—"A poor soldier! Why, Maud?" She—"Because you don't seem to know how to use your arms." (Tableau.)

Go shoot the hat, the old straw hat, It's served its purpose, now; Convert it into kindling stuff, Or feed it to the cow.

Mrs. H.—Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home? Norah—No, ma'am, she didn't, but she looked very much pleased.

Child (pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific combat between a lion and a crocodile)—What are those things doing, pa? Father—Talking politics, my dear.

When lovely woman shifts her bustle Before she sits upon a chair, She always has an awful tussle, But you never hear her swear.

Attorney—Your testimony before the coroner was very different from what it is now? Witness—You needn't expect me to tell the same old story over again, so you can yell "Chest-nuts!"

A lady leaving a street car leaves behind her a parcel bearing a suspicious resemblance to a bustle. Baseball Umpire (handing it to her and speaking absent-mindedly)—Madam, take your base.

An exchange tells of a pretty mean man. He keeps a nickel on the end of a string, and when he wants to weigh himself he drops the coin in the slot and fishes it out as soon as he has ascertained his avoirdupois.

Old Dollikins had a dog named Watch. As the animal became old he became so deaf that he could not hear when called. So Dollikins held out his watch and it worked like a charm. The poodle came every time.

There are only three factories in this country where cornets are made. This is too bad. It seems as though a greater opportunity ought to be afforded the people to blow their brains out if they desired to do it.

A pretty maiden fell overboard at New Bedford the other day, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat, as she rose to the surface, and said, "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank for the second time.

Old Lady (to village postmistress)—"Hev ye got anythin' fer me, Miss Bullard? Postmistress—Here's a postal from your daughter Mandy. How she do improve in spellin' since she's be'n gow' to that boardin' school."

Sarah Bernhardt still keeps that coffin by her, but says: "I have come to the conclusion that I will not be buried in it. I will be cremated." As Sarah has so little flesh on her bones it is reasonable to expect that she will burn hard!

Wife—If I were to be kidnapped, John, and spirited away from you, what would you do? Husband—No danger of that, my dear. Wife—Well, just imagine it, you know. Husband—My dear, don't you know that there is a limit even to the imagination?

Countryman (to celebrated Hindoo snake charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, mister? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them. "The hulla business?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you'd tell a fellow, where the body leaves off and the tail begins."

An Apology.

Little Man—I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar?

Big Man—No; I didn't use the word unmitigated.

Little Man—Then I accept your apology.

Cheap, But They Had To Do It.

Guest (to hotel keeper)—What is this item among the "extras"—weather vane, 4s.?

Hotel keeper—Yes, sir; we charge 1s. a day for telling which way the wind blows, and it's wonderful how we do it at the price.



Girls Who Are in Demand.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure, From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—Girls that are mother's right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust to, And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks, Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls, That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile and a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost, Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts; They are wanted for mothers and wives; As they gaze into loving arms The strongest and frailest lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl, There are few who can understand; But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls There's a constant, steady demand.

By the Sea.

'Twas in August that we met

By the sea.

How can I e'er forget,

Woe is me!

She was a sweet brunette

With hair and eyes of jet,

And she broke me up, you bet,

By the sea.

She dressed in perfect taste

By the sea.

With such a slender waist,

Woe is me!

As her eyes how bright they shone

As they gazed into my own.

They thrilled me to the bone

By the sea.

We wandered on the beach

By the sea.

And her cheek was like a peach,

Woe is me!

'Twould have been a sad deficit

(With such a chance) to miss it,

And none to see me kiss it,

Only she!

So, maddened as with wine,

By the sea,

I asked her to be mine,

Woe is me!

And I ought to be contented,

For the lady quick consented.

But, alas! I have repented,

By the sea!

J. T. D.

A Sailor's Yarn.

This was the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
To me and my mesmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gysacutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Fergie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizen hatch,
While the boatswain boid, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the sextant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go."

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale
To give her weather room."

"Oh, boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind!"

"O, sailors, collar your marine spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizen brace;
Aloft and below they worked, but oh!
The water gained space.

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water it did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave;
"I have several wines in several ports,
And my life I'd order save."

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his prog;
"It's awful to die, and worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate
What filled them all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skipper jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore;
Till safe, at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore!

"Taint much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And wu'thin to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate and me!"

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,
And I envy the life of the second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the scabs I've seen
As would go and tie to a poor marine.



With the departure of our country cousins King and Yonge streets have become passable, and matters are beginning to assume a normal condition once more.

Speaking about King street suggests a new building which will shortly rear its stately front on that leading promenade.

We have all of us been accustomed to hear the cry of "native talent, etc., etc.," but it has generally seemed to me that if "native talent, etc.," is worth anything the latter is sure to be known and appreciated accordingly. But I find that once more I have erred in judgment. I am also free to confess that such errors haven't even the charm of novelty to recommend them.

This particular error, however, is in connection with the building of the new Bank of Commerce at the corner of King and Jordan streets. I had thought, in my ignorance, that we had some architects among us who are capable of designing a building that would be a credit to the Bank of Commerce or any other financial institution in our midst. The directors of that institution, however, are of another opinion evidently. And not only do they in their wisdom consider that we must go abroad for our architects, but the very stones in that building are imported articles; whether the workmen are or are not, I cannot say. But the building material and the architect are not the only foreign elements in the present policy of the directors. The recent issue of new bills is foreign work which could be equally as well done at home. In fact the only Canadian element in the Commerce is the support which is being given it by Canadian enterprise and Canadian patronage.

The attitude of the pulpit towards the stage has been generally antagonistic, but Erastus Wiman is going to change all that. Invitations have been sent broadcast to the clergy of New York, Brooklyn and the suburban towns to witness "Nero," in which some three or four hundred bare-armed and very short-skirted sylphs pirouette and kick up their heels in one of the greatest of classic ballets.

And verily the parsons have not been shy in accepting the proffered invitation. On the contrary they have proved uncommonly eager to beard the dragon of iniquity in his own den. A Brooklyn divine has free luncheon to the extent of thirty-four complimentary tickets. I am proud to see that an old friend of mine, late of Trinity and now of New York, is an honorable second, with thirty tickets to the good.

One parson writes in response to the invitation: "My family is large, as you see by the number of tickets requested. If you send tickets we'll all go, and I will invite others to pay their way in. I have read Rev. C. W. Le-Lyon Nichol's remarks on Nero, or The Fall of Rome, and believe it is our duty to send our Christian people there to receive two hours' impressive illustrative instruction upon the truths of Christianity."

This is simply refreshing. The reverend gentleman, with ten tickets in his pockets, now sees at a glance, what a moral educator "Nero" must be.

But with the acceptance of six free tickets another gentleman goes the preceding reverend one better, with the remark that he accepts with best wishes, and expresses the hope that "all Christians may glory in the triumph of the Holy Cross by your efforts." Whew! What awful humbugs parsons can be when occasion demands!

I stepped into St. James' Cathedral yesterday to view the alterations, and verily it seemeth as if the family were still at the seaside. The ancient galleries which flanked the eastern and western transepts are gone, and no loss either, say I. They never added much to the appearance of the place. The old organ is draped in sackcloth and ashes, as is the chancel. The pews, denuded of all furniture in the way of carpets, hassocks, etc., are heavily coated with dust, and look forlorn in the extreme. Empty and deserted, too, is the old pulpit, redolent with memories of the good old Dean, Rainsford, and other divines who have spoken often and well for the Master within the time-honored walls of old St. James'.

I sincerely hope that the centre aisle will not have its beauty marred by those abominations which crept in formerly under the specious guise of "free seats," at least not until it is clearly demonstrated that they cannot be dispensed with. I feel perfectly safe in making this reservation.

With the pulpit ability which St. James' undoubtedly possesses in Canon Dumoulin, and granted the musical services which it ought to have (but which, alas! it has not), there is a bright prospect in future for this church and congregation.

Residents in the neighborhood of the White-chapel murders mystery are still possessed with what is known in the north of England as The Shuddering Dread. The women for the most part appear to incline to the belief that it is a gang that has done this and other murders, and the shuddering dread of being abroad in the streets after nightfall, expressed by the more nervous of them, is pitiable. "Thank God! I needn't be out after dark," ejaculated one woman. "No more needn't I," said another; "but my two girls have got to come home late, and I'm all of a fidget till they come."

ST. GEORGE.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

It is apparent to the most cursory observer of the value of time and of the part that it plays in the arts, that here, in New York, one of the richest and most enlightened cities of the world, we are insuperably handicapped by the newness of our settlement. I mean, of course, with reference to our being able to establish those galleries and schools whose prime value depends upon the numerous examples of the old masters. We came too late for them. Few really fine works are now available even for the most fabulous offers in the way of cash; the countries, cities or individuals owning them, count them, unless under pressure, priceless. A great picture is the heritage of a people; it is, if native, a record of their spiritual growth, it is a light, as it were, for the future, an inspiration for the present generation. Galleries are called great on account of works by old masters which they contain; therefore we are doomed to content ourselves with a second rate largeness, confining our investments and our exhibitions to what is best in modern and contemporary art.

The opportunities for excellent general art education afforded in New York are many. First among the schools is the National Academy of Design, located at 23rd street and Fourth avenue. It is unquestionably the leading art institution of America, and has had the widest influence in developing native interest and taste for art. Students are admitted free. Applicants for membership must submit a drawing from a cast which, if approved, and a high degree of excellence is required, admits them to the antique class. From here they are promoted to the life class upon passing satisfactory examination. The fact of gratuitous instruction has no bearing upon the value or the strictness of the work to be done, pupils who shirk or fail in regular attendance are dropped to give place to those more deserving. The classes are open to both sexes.

The annual exhibition of the Academy is the leading art event of the year. It takes place in the spring, and attracts the notice of artists and people interested in art from all parts of the country. The representative work of leading American artists is generally found here and the sales during the continuance of the exhibit amount to a considerable figure. Of late years many of our successful painters have seen fit for various reasons to ignore the value of the academy shows, feeling, and very naturally, that if not "academicians" or "associates" their productions will not meet with favor as to hanging or reception. This feeling has been the occasion for the formation of several associations whose members have opened schools where art may be pursued at a very small cost, considering the reputation of the teachers.

The Art Students' League is the strongest of these outside organizations and numbers among its members many men whose work entitles them to high praise. Its classes are open to all upon payment of a small tuition fee, which goes toward the expense of the school in the way of rooms, reading room, etc. No salaries are paid instructors, but each member is supposed to willingly contribute his time and work for the general good. The expense of a year's study is about \$80, or \$8 monthly.

Requirements for admission: To life classes, a full length drawing of a nude figure from cast or life; to painting class, drawing of a head; for modelling, composition, etc., examples of original work. Among the artists who have classes may be mentioned such well known names as J. Carroll Beckwith, H. Siddons Mowbray, E. H. Blashfield and W. M. Chase—all men with established reputations.

Another society with practically the same scope, a working organization of practical men, which provides thorough instruction in drawing and painting for those desiring to follow art as a profession, is the Gotham Art Students. The charge for instruction is rather less than the one just mentioned being about \$6 a month.

An art school has been established in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and with the admirable collection of paintings belonging to that institution affords peculiar advantages. Among the celebrated modern pictures in this collection are Meissonier's 1807, presented by Mr. Henry Hilton, who paid \$69,000 for it; Rosa Bonheur's The Horse Fair, presented by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$55,000; Detaille's Defence of Chantigny; Pilsky's Triumph of Germanicus; Crozik's Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella, and Lerolle's Organ Rehearsal. There are also valuable works by Rubens, Gaspard De Crayer, Van Dyck, Dirk Hals, Franz Hals, Joannes Singelback, Velasquez and Murillo. The student may find numerous fine paintings by modern masters at the art rooms of Goupil (now Knoedler's), Schaus, Cottier, Avery and others.

Some of the art auctions of last season were remarkable for the sales of works by the best and most valued modern French masters. The student who fails to take advantage of the displays afforded by such public exhibitions misses a rare opportunity. The Albert Spencer collection sold last winter realized \$284,000 for 68 pictures. Among them were Troyon's Drove of Cattle and Sheep, sold for \$26,000; Jules Breton's Le Soir, \$20,500; The Serpent Charming by Jean Leon Jerome, \$19,500; Christ at the Tomb, by Delacroix, \$10,600; Meissonier's A Musician, \$8,800; Corot's Farm at Toulon, \$7,000.

Art, like all things related to the individual, to humanity, must be developed from within, the spirit must be awakened, the genius, if there be any, directed. What then may be in theory, in the practical working part of art as a profession, can be as well acquired here as any place in the world. The instructors in the schools named are nearly all pupils of celebrated foreign masters, the new ideas of technique they can impart, the rest depends upon the pupil. Ambition and work, an innate love of the noble and the beautiful I believe—of course granted sufficient mechanical skill—will do more than any amount of "copying the old masters."

Unless we can go back into his day, in spirit, absorb ourselves in the environments, material and intellectual, that gave him birth, we may

as well give up the ghost of imitation and rest content with the ample scope for art and its highest ministry needed in the present. It seems to me that more common sense, more truth is what is mostly needed. We want less cant and rolling of eyes at the past and more honest aspiration toward pure ideals, devoid of clap-trap and the schools. We need individualism.

CARRINGTON.



Wait for The Turn of The Tide.

For Saturday Night.

"There is a tide in affairs of man"—
Was written—that he might read who ran—
Which taken at full bears us away
Safe and sure to a prosperous day.
But the difficult point for us to learn
Is just what moment the tide will turn.

There's another tied, that most men know,
When our luck seems dead and our schemes won't go;
When we feel that the fault is not our own
And curse the fate that won't let us alone,
And grumble, and fret, and fume and burn
And long for the tide to have a turn.

'Tis hard to feel the galling chain
As we manfully strive with hand and brain;
But remember there's good we cannot see
Oft-times in some shadowing mystery,
And we might by some "spec" get severely bit
If the tide took a turn when we wanted it.

Never sit down and howl at fate;
Learn to labor and learn to wait;
Stick to the task with a bull-dog's pluck,
In the long run work does more than luck,
And perchance in the future we may discern
That 'twas for our good the tide had no turn.

E. W. S.

German Jokes.

(Translated for Texas Sitings.)

BOGUS AFFECTION.

Tommy—You ought to see how much butter my step-mother puts on my bread.
Johnny—I guess it's some of this bogus butter, and she is just trying it on you before she eats any of it herself.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

First Student—You haven't got any idea of what a contemptible opinion I have of our professor.
Second Student—Humph! I guess that's the reason you didn't answer any of the questions he asked you yesterday at the recitation.

LITTLE MOLLY'S SARCASTIC.

Dear Father,—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you.

I remain your daughter,

MOLLY.

MUSICAL ITEM.

Mrs. A.—I saw your husband on the street yesterday.
Mrs. B.—Did he seem to be in a good humor?
"I never saw him in such high spirits."
"That's the way he always is when my piano is so out of tune that I can't play on it."

EXPENSIVE TRAVELING.

Doctor—I am afraid you will have to take a trip to the Kingdom of Heaven pretty soon.
Miser (groaning)—That will cost another nice sum of money. Traveling is so expensive nowadays.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

A. has had his gray hair and beard dyed, and meets B.
A.—It's a good while since we met. We are old acquaintances.
B.—Why of course we are old friends. I knew you when your hair and beard were gray.

IN A HURRY.

"Dear wife," said a dying husband, "if you do marry again, wait at least until the grass is growing on my grave." The widow promised faithfully that his wish should be respected.
About two weeks after the funeral the widow visited the grave, and pressing a gold coin in the sexton's hand said, "Can't you have this grave sodded without delay?"

What Her Heart Said.

Confiding Daughter—Oh, mamma, I really think Mr. Nobranes intends proposing soon.
Fond Mamma—Indeed?
Daughter—Yes, and if he does what shall I say?

Mamma—Be guided entirely by the dictates of your own heart, my child. Remember, my love, that Mr. Nobranes is heir to at least twenty-five thousand dollars a year and a house on the avenue, with a villa at Newport. You would do well to go abroad on your wedding tour and enter the first circle of society on your return. It would be a lovely match for you. But I have no desire to influence your choice. What does my child's heart say?
Daughter—You are sure of the twenty-five thousand a year, and all the rest?
Mamma—Perfectly sure.
Daughter—Then my heart says yes, yes, yes!
Mamma—My own darling! What joy it will give me to see you married to the man you love!

The Truth at Last.

English Editor—You have not answered my question.
American Editor (in London)—Hist! Is no one near?
English Editor—No one.
American Editor—Even the walls have ears.
English Editor—These walls are deaf.
American Editor—Will you swear never to divulge the fateful truth I am about to tell?
English Editor—I swear.
American Editor—Then place your ear close and listen. You ask me if we Americans love the Irish better than our own souls. We don't.

A Very Great Man.

Little Boy—Papa, why do you make so much fuss over Mr. Brown? Is he a very great man?
Life Insurance President—Great! Well I should say so. He carries \$500,000 insurance on his life.
Yes, I saw that about him in the newspaper.
Is that all that makes him great?
That's all that I know of, son.

The Mean Old Thing.

Fond Mother (displaying her first-born)—You've never seen my little darling before?
Spiteful Old Maid—No. What nice big feet he has.

Just So.

Herr Von Blaiermutche—Vell, Miss Beesle, vot you tink ov mine playing, alretty?
Beesle (of Boston)—Oh, there are no muscica domestica on you, professor!

He Cured Her.



"Mother, I entreat you not to look behind that screen—take my word—I would not deceive you! Appearances are against me, but—"
"Charles, I will drag that odious creature out at any cost! Models, indeed! Oh, why did I ever let my son enter this debasing profession!"

"Bad luck to me, indeed! I the booties on, an' clane forgot th slathered pants!"

Hock was the Favorite.

They did not often give dinner-parties, and never gave a large one; but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything of the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned his boy-in-buttons, and said:

"Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best, and these with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand round with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy-in-buttons.
And the evening came, and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably, till the boy went round the table asking of every guest:

"Hock or inferior sherry?"
Everybody took hock.

Simple Enough.

A manufacturer of some patent compound or other came into the laboratory of an analytical chemist one day with a bottle containing an unwholesome looking mixture. "I would give \$50," he said, "to know what would make the water and oil in this emulsion separate." The chemist looked at it.

"Very well," he said, "write your check."

"Check?" the other echoed.

"Yes, your check for \$50. You say you are willing to give that, and for that price I am willing to tell you what will make the water and oil separate."

The visitor hesitated a moment, and then wrote his check for the sum named. The chemist carefully deposited it in his pocket-book, and then quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt. Instantly the water and oil separated, and whether the client was satisfied or not, he had got what he wanted, and he had paid his own price for it.

She Could Suffer.

He—You have considered, darling, the seriousness of the step you have consented to take? Married life, you know, is not all roses. Do you think you can bear to suffer as well as to rejoice?

She—Indeed, I can, Charles! Haven't I worn shoes two sizes too small ever since I was fourteen years old?

To Meet as Strangers.

"Henceforth we meet as strangers!" exclaimed Brown, in a fit of anger.
"Thank you, Brown, my dear fellow," gushed Fogg, effusively; "you always did treat strangers better than your friends and acquaintances, and you make me exceedingly happy that I am henceforth to share in your distinguished consideration."

Ah! Why?

Child—And you won't give me a penny, mamma? Yet you always say you love me.
Mother—When you are older, dear, you will understand better how much I love you.
Child (disparagingly)—If you loved me so much, mamma, why didn't you marry the sweet-shop man?

A Horrid Mathematician.

The head of a large dry goods establishment has forbidden his saleswomen to wear bustles. On being interviewed on the subject he explained his action as follows:
"Every woman wearing a bustle adjusts it at least five times a day. It takes her a minute each time, and she thus loses five minutes a day. One hundred and twenty-five women will consequently lose six hundred and twenty-five minutes."

"The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."



Miss Placida Simperthy (alarmed)—Mercy on me! What is that dreadful noise upstairs?
Prison Official—Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only the murderer you are bringing the flowers to—kicking a little because his porterhouse steak and eggs are not ready.—Puck.

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

The morning after Brande's return from his visit to the Powells, Mr. Griffiths took him to the study directly after breakfast.

"About this wedding, Brande," he said, as he filed a couple of business letters received by that morning's post—"I think it's quite time something definite was settled. Molly has got her bits and tucks to look after, you know."

Brande had snatched a little at his uncle's first words, but he speedily recovered himself.

"I am quite in your hands," he observed quietly—"in yours and Molly's. Whatever you decide on will suit me."

Mr. Tennant glanced at him inquisitively; he did not understand this lethargy at all. Had the reluctance been on Molly's part there would have been some reason for it, but for Brande to show an apathy amounting to actual disinclination was, he told himself, most incomprehensible. He would have inquired into it had he dared; but lately a strange reserve had crept into his intercourse with Brande. His dread of the certainty that his suspicions were correct precluded all genuine confidence between them. Brande was willing to fulfil to the letter his part of the undertaking, and with this he felt he must be satisfied.

"Then, if you have nothing to suggest, I suppose we may as well stand by the original date—the 28th of March."

"Yes; that will do as well as any, I think."

"Will you speak to Molly about it to-day, then?"

"You speak to her, uncle Griffiths," returned Brande quickly, conscious of a hot flush mounting to his face at his suggestion.

"My dear boy, what nonsense!" cried Mr. Tennant, determined not to encourage so unsatisfactory a state of things. "You must speak to her yourself—she has a right to expect it of you. If you take my advice you'll go to her now, at once, and get matters finally arranged. I hear her voice in the hall. She is going out; the dogs would never make that uproar unless she had her hat on."

Molly to scamp round him in wild delight while the others remained loyal to their mistress.

"Very good, sir!" said Brande, although he felt far from happy at having to go to Molly and speak of their marriage.

He went as far as the colored-glass swing doors that divided the front hall from the back, and looking through, he saw Molly in a round felt hat, trimly cut coat, and thick boots, warning the yelling dogs off her with both hands, while she gave some order to Martin. Even viewed through the disfiguring yellow glass she looked very handsome, he thought, especially when she laughed indulgently at poor old Pompey, the superannuated pointer, who waddled in at the front door and planted his two dirty paws upon her coat. Martin then fetched a brush, and while he was endeavoring to remove the stains, Brande opened the door and passed through.

"Are you going for a walk?" he asked, as he took down a hat from the tree, one or two of the dogs thereupon deserting Molly to scamper round him in wild delight while the others remained loyal to their mistress.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm going to the post-office, and to call at the Rectory. Are you going on 'stable duty'?"

With a barely perceptible glance at Martin, which said plainly, "Keep up appearances," he replied.

"No; I went to the stables before breakfast. I am coming as far as the lower gate with you and the dogs, if I may."

"We shall be proud of your company," she observed, in a tone utterly devoid of expression.

Once started, the dogs ceased their riot, and conversation could be carried on in greater comfort. Nevertheless they paced along for some distance without exchanging a word. Molly felt that, in the circumstances, it was his duty to make conversation, and resolutely held her peace, while he realised the difficulty of introducing his subject without seeming abrupt and unceremonious.

"I've been with uncle Griffiths since breakfast," he said, at last, proposing to lead up gradually to what he had to say.

"Yes; I know," returned Molly indifferently, and looking straight before her.

If she maintained her present abominably unemotional bearing, he felt he would never be able to say what he had to say. Then the mean idea occurred to him that, if he could only disturb her frigid composure, she would not have him at so great a disadvantage. He felt instinctively that he did not please her to his duty at Bryn-mawr; he himself would tell her.

"Do you know why I came home yesterday?" he asked.

"No," said Molly sturdily; "upon my word I don't."

"Because uncle Griffiths sent for me."

"Yes!"—"Yes; he thought it was time you and I arranged matters."

"Did he send for you expressly on that account?" she asked, her voice still steady, although he saw her cheek flush, and her lips tightly compressed in her restraint. "Because if he did, I think he ought to have told me of his intention."

"If he had, would you have forbidden it?"

"Forbidden" is hardly a word to use in this connection. I should have asked him not to do so.

"Why?"

"Because I think you are quite old enough to manage your affairs your own way. If you preferred being at Pentre-bach, you should have been allowed to stay there."

Short of saying that he did not prefer being at Pentre-bach, he could not think of any appropriate reply; and Molly looked so exceedingly dignified and unapproachable that after his voluntary compromise, he felt he dared not pay her any compliment with regard to a liking for her society, so he simply said:

"What shall I tell uncle Griffiths about it?"

"About what?"

"About the date of the wedding."

"Say just whatever you please."

"Nay; I can hardly do that. It is your pleasure and convenience that have to be consulted on this occasion, not mine."

Molly felt he was not treating her quite fairly. He had never once mentioned the subject of their marriage since he proposed to her more than two months since. During the whole month of December he had treated her with a distant coldness which, believing in the whole of his own sense of unworthiness, she had generously overlooked. Then he had gone away on the first pretext to Tom Powell's, and—what was quite a different affair—had stayed there more than three weeks without sending a message or writing a line to her. This, she told herself, was inexcusable; and yet now he came to her, told her calmly that he would not have returned but for his uncle's recall, and the next moment asked her to fix the wedding day. He was behaving very badly indeed; and her heart beat violently and her cheeks flushed with passionate resentment. Then suddenly she lost her self-control, and spoke out what was in her mind.

"I can't stand this quietly any longer," she cried, stopping abruptly in the middle of the drive, and facing Brande in a way that considerably astonished him. "How dare you assume that satirical manner to me? What have I done that you should torture me in this way? My pleasure and convenience? Incest! You have shown a great deal of consideration for my pleasure and convenience since you did me the honor to ask me to become your wife! How

you can have the assurance to speak to me at all on this matter after the way in which you have behaved to me is beyond my comprehension! Have you no sense of shame at all, or do you perhaps think it good manners for a man never to speak a single word to a woman from the time he proposes until he asks her to settle the date of her marriage? Sometimes I feel so humiliated about it all that I feel I hate you for being the cause of my humiliation—positively hate you! Why did you ask me to marry you at all? When I hinted that perhaps you were only doing it to please that dear old man who loves you and their ways. But I soon found out my mistake; and now that for once we are speaking the truth to one another, I should like to know why you asked me to marry you. Tell me!"

She stopped abruptly and stood there facing him with kindling eyes and parted lips, looking in her righteous indignation beautiful than he had ever seen her look before.

Brande was very pale, and there was the old stern look on his face as he listened to her torrent of words. One or two of the dogs had settled down on the drive, and sat looking from master to mistress, with their tongues lolling out in an inquiring look in their eyes, as they now and again scattered the loose gravel with their wagging tails.

"Tell me," cried Molly again, finding he made no answer—"I insist upon your telling me why you asked me to marry you!"

"Because I loved you," said Brande in a low and steady tone.

"You do well to put it in the past tense," she exclaimed, throwing up her hands with a gesture of incredulity; "but, since you admit it is past, you will at least tell me what I have done to forfeit your regard. What unsuspected fault have you found in me which has led to the sudden withdrawal of your esteem? Since you still maintain that you loved me then, I have a right to know why you have ceased to do so."

"I have not ceased to do so," he returned with emphasis. "I never meant you to infer that such was the case."

She looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then she said, more quietly:

"I should be greatly obliged to you if you would explain yourself fully. Will you please tell me why, if you still have any regard for me, you have treated me with such scant courtesy?"

"Don't ask me for my reasons, Molly," he muttered, hoarsely, with a sudden wavering in his manner. "I beg you not to ask me to put my reason into words—only be content to know that, in spite of my past discourtesy, I love you still."

"But I am not content, and why should you not love me still? What have I done that you should not?"

"Molly, will you fix the date for our marriage?"

"No, I will not!" she cried. "I will not marry you at all until you have given me the explanation which I consider is my due."

She turned and walked away, but he overtook her and placed a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Let us argue the question from another point of view," he said gently. "Uncle Griffiths—"

Molly stopped, but did not turn her head.

"We would both of us do a very great deal to secure his happiness," he went on. "Let us put our personal feeling out of the question altogether and think only of him. You know quite as well as I do how his heart has for years been set on this marriage, and what a disappointment it will be to him if it is broken off. I don't think, Molly, that you either how much we both owe to him. To me he has been father, mother, everything in one, and in such a manner that I have never known what it was to miss them. To you and yours—well, perhaps I have no right to touch on that; but you must know that the encouragement on the estate would be much lighter to-day if he had not had your mother and her family to maintain for the last eight years. You must forgive me for touching on this. You see I am pleading uncle Griffiths's cause, and am bound to adduce all the points I can in his favor."

As Molly stood meditating for a few moments, Pompey, thinking, from her down-bent head, that she was looking at him, jumped up and put his two paws upon her waist again. In her over-excited condition it seemed to her that even the poor old dog was pleading the cause of his master; and a sudden flood of tears blinded her as she fondled his shaggy head, admitting in her heart the truth and force of Brande's reasoning.

"You are right," he murmured, quite overcome and subdued; "for once those most concerned are not those to be most considered. I will marry you when you and uncle Griffiths please; but meantime, since it seems the mystery is to be kept up, let us keep out of each other's way as much as we possibly can without exciting remark."

Uncle Griffiths spoke of March 28th, returned Brande, entirely ignoring her last words.

"Very well," she said, with a resignation that was almost sullen; "I will be ready."

And then she walked away with the dogs, who, delighted to see her on the move again, bounded around and about her; and so she passed through the gate and out of sight, without one glance at the man watching her.

That night when Molly was going to bed Mr. Tennant called her into his study and gave her a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"Heaven bless you, Molly, my dear," he whispered with solemn fervor as he kissed her lovingly, "my own dear adopted daughter!"

And Molly felt very grave indeed as she went up stairs to her room, wondering if she had done right in yielding to Brande's wishes without receiving an explanation of his conduct.

CHAPTER XII.

Molly could not fail to see how her uncle's spirits rose as soon as the marriage-day was fixed; indeed he was like another man. She still saw him occasionally watching Brande with a wistful, perplexed look that made her heart ache for him; and, whenever she saw that expression on his face, she knew he was thinking of the lost heirlooms, and most probably wondering how his nephew could have been so heartless as to remove them from Bryn-mawr, knowing, as he did, their history. But all allusion to the loss of the pearls was tacitly avoided by both Molly and her uncle now; having given her final assent to the marriage, the girl decided to let the matter of the missing jewelry rest.

The bride-elect was very unhappy during those days. She loved Brande Tennant as warmly as she had ever done, and she derived a certain amount of comfort from the knowledge that he still loved her, but she could not forget that there was a terrible shadow between them; she had been content to ignore this, to let things be as though no such shadow had ever existed, but he had ruled otherwise. What his motive was she could not even guess unless it were unconquerable remorse; but the fact remained that he chose to maintain an obstinate reserve in his manner towards her, a reserve which she no longer tried to overcome, but emulated.

Every one in the house saw that the love-affairs of Molly and Brande were not going on smoothly; the servants discussed the situation with bated breath; some of the sharpest-sighted among the callers saw that something was wrong, and set a report in circulation that the approaching marriage at Bryn-mawr was entirely a mere convenience; and, as if to confirm the chattering and guessing at its cause, but he knew better than any one how fond the young people were of each other, in spite of their present coldness, and he felt certain this restraint would disappear by-and-by, after marriage.

So the weeks slipped away, all too quickly for Molly, with her hearts full of doubts and fears, until the third week in March; and then, one morning, Molly received a long letter from her brother Tim which set her heart beating joyfully.

Tim's letter came with the others at breakfast time, and, seeing who her correspondent was, Molly opened it at once. The letter was full of congratulations on her approaching marriage; she had written to Tim when her engagement had been only a day old—these she passed over impatiently, and went on to a personal matter lower down. Presently she raised her eyes, and, beaming with pleasure, she read:

"Oh, Molly Griffiths, how glad I am to hear of the sound of the joyful tone of her voice both men dropped their own letters to listen. 'Tim has gone in for sheep farming on his own account—at least he has gone into partnership with a man who owns quite a large sheep-run out there. Isn't it a chance for him?'"

"But don't quite understand how he has managed it, Molly. Surely a man with a large sheep farm would not take a partner unless he put some capital into the affair? How has he contrived to drop on his feet in this happy-go-lucky fashion?"

Brande, watching her keenly from the other side of the table, was thinking exactly what his uncle had put into words, but with his thought was mingled a memory of that last letter from Tim to Molly which he had found on the drawing-room carpet, and in which the boy had so bitterly bemoaned the want of a thousand pounds. Spell-bound, as it were, by his tale, Molly forgot to put the letter back, and, as he met her glance he spoke.

"Yes," he said, still thinking of the letter—"where did Tim get his thousand pounds from?"

His questioning glance, more than the words he uttered, brought a vivid flush of indignation to Molly's face. She tried to put the idea into uncle Griffiths's mind that she had had a hand in obtaining this money for Tim? Such base treachery would be worse than anything he had been guilty of yet. She returned her cousin's look for a moment with a scornful glance before she went back to her letter.

He does not tell me where he got his thousand pounds from," she said, repeating Brande's words with a delicate touch of sarcasm—"In fact he does not say that he had to get a thousand pounds from anywhere. I fancy, from what he does say, that the man he went out to first—my father's old friend—has helped him to the position. And then she looked up at Brande, as though to say, "Is that sufficient for you?"

Brande however had returned to his own correspondence, and was apparently quite unconscious of the scathing looks she gave him from time to time during the rest of the meal.

That evening Brande dined at Pentre-bach. It was a bachelor's dinner, given by Tom Powell. In his way with you at Bryn-mawr last autumn, and was turned out because he was so profane as to say he had seen the family ghost."

"What's his name?" asked Brande.

"Hewetson."

"Of course! I remember him now. He left us all in a bustle, because he and the housekeeper couldn't hit it. I recollect the uncle was a little huffed about it, because we had to have women in to wait for a day or two, and he hates a woman about him at table."

The mention of this incident brought back other memories connected with Hewetson's departure, which Brande however did not think it necessary to impart to the present company. He remembered, for instance, that when Molly had gone to fetch Mr. Tennant's cheque book from the drawer where he had put the studs overnight, it had been for the purpose of writing a cheque for this man's wages, a fact which fixed the date of his leaving as the morning after the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner-party—the morning the pearls were first missed. He also remembered the conversation at the luncheon table that day—how the housemaid had spoken of the butler's haste to get out of the house, and had described the borrowing of a barrow from one of the gardeners in order that he might take away his things at once. Nothing had been missed at that time; the loss of the pearls was not made known by Molly until the next day, and so the next morning he had spoken of the butler's haste to get out of the house, and had described the borrowing of a barrow from one of the gardeners in order that he might take away his things at once. Nothing had been missed at that time; the loss of the pearls was not made known by Molly until the next day, and so the next morning he had spoken of the butler's haste to get out of the house, and had described the borrowing of a barrow from one of the gardeners in order that he might take away his things at once. Nothing had been missed at that time; the loss of the pearls was not made known by Molly until the next day, and so the next morning he had spoken of the butler's haste to get out of the house, and had described the borrowing of a barrow from one of the gardeners in order that he might take away his things at once. 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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER X.

PERCY BECOMES A PHYSICIAN.

For several weeks after Captain Morton's death Percy was not at all like himself. The housekeeper and Hazel attributed it to grief on account of the loss of his grandfather, and he did not undeceive them.

He brooded continually over what he had learned, or rather what he had yet to learn, regarding the contents of the package which had been given to him on the last day of Sandy Morton's life.

When the captain's will was read it was found that he had left everything to Percy, as he had intended he should do. He had managed to save a great deal during his long and fruitful life, and this, together with the life insurance which had come to him on the death of his son, amounted to upward of four thousand pounds, so that our young hero found himself quite independent.

"Dear old man! how fond he was of me," he murmured, after reading the simple and tender bequest, "but he ought to have told me years ago if there was any mystery connected with my life. But, doubtless, he knew no more about me than he did about Pet. I remember he told me once that only three were known to have been saved from Captain John's vessel—the first mate, the steward and myself. Can it be possible that there were two children on board—that I was mistaken for the captain's son, brought home to his father and the mistake discovered by the articles of clothing that I wore and the initials upon that clasp? It must be so, and those good old people, grieving for their own lost loved ones, took me into their hearts and home in place of the little grandson who was wrecked. And yet it is very strange that the steward could have made such a mistake. However—Percy always concluded with a sigh after these perplexing arguments and questionings with himself—"It is useless to dwell upon the subject. I must try to make the best of my lot and try not to worry over it. I will accept the fate which has been portioned out to me and make the most of my life, and try to carve out an honorable name and place in the world for myself."

Three months after Captain Morton's death that small household was broken up, for Percy's course of study was completed, and he had determined, after careful consideration, to go to London and fit himself for the practice of medicine.

He could not think of being separated from Hazel, to whom he was becoming more devotedly attached with every passing year; therefore he arranged for her entrance into a first-class boarding-school for young ladies in that city, where he could manage to visit her every few days, and see that she lacked for nothing that she needed.

Percy took lodgings in a pleasant portion of the city, and settled himself for a three years' medical course in the Royal College of Physicians, and bent all his energies toward the winning of his diploma.

He was now in his twenty-first year, Hazel in her fourteenth.

Hazel very soon became the pet and pride of the institution where she was studying. No one could resist her bright, merry ways, her sunny, happy face, upon which a cloud was seldom seen, while in school hours she was one of the most faithful and diligent students imaginable.

Percy was her oracle; he planned her course and suggested the arts that she was to pursue, and her one aim seemed to be to please him.

"Percy wants me to do this," was a sufficient reason for anything.

"Percy wishes me to know Latin, and though I don't like it very well, I will try to be a good Latin scholar because he is," Percy has a very critical ear for music and I must be proficient in that, and so with everything else connected with her school life.

Only one thing caused her any unhappiness. She could not be reconciled to their separation.

"If we could only live together, Percy, I should be so perfectly happy," she used to say, wistfully, almost every time that he visited her, and the words always made his heart bound and his pulses thrill.

"We will some time, I hope, my pet. When you graduate and I have my diploma, I will settle in some busy town, put out my sign as an M. D., and then we will make a cozy home for ourselves once more," he would answer, smiling, and Hazel would long for the time to come when this delightful castle in the air would become substantial and real.

But as time went on a "change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—a change that both puzzled and troubled Percy, because it was so gradual and intangible that he hardly was aware of it until it had become settled and beyond his power to control or remove.

We cannot linger over those three years; they passed rapidly, as all busy years pass, and at their close Percy received his diploma, together with a certificate of hearty recommendation from the faculty, which he considered even a greater prize.

There seemed to be an inviting opening for him in Kingston, one of the suburbs of London, and only seven miles from that city, consequently he decided to locate there, and a few weeks after completing his studies he had fastened an attractive sign beside the door of his lodgings, and was prepared to minister to any one who might require his services.

Hazel was now seventeen. In one more year she, too, would graduate, and be ready to take up the duties of life.

She was developing into a marvellously beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, but having a perfect form, whose every movement was full of ease and grace. Her small, finely-lined head was proudly poised upon a white, beautiful neck, and crowned with a wealth of waving brown hair. Her face was not remarkable so much for its beauty of feature as for the witchery of its ever-changing expression, in which archness, piquancy, sweetness, and merriment blended in a way to fascinate every beholder. A pair of brilliant, dancing eyes looked out from beneath long, dark, and slightly darker than her hair, while her scarlet mouth knew how to wreath itself in the most witching smiles, though now and then, when the features were in repose, it settled into an expression which told of a strong, true character underlying her habitual vivacity. Her skin was fair and smooth as satin, and the delicate flush on her rosy cheeks was like the color in the petals of a blush rose.

During the last year of her school life she worked with even greater diligence than she had ever done before. It seemed as if some new, strong purpose had taken possession of her, although she did not hint at anything of the kind during that time. A certain steady light glowed in her lovely eyes, and her beautiful lips would often compress themselves into a straight, resolute line, as if she were deciding upon some future course of action.

This look was always on her face during those last months, after a visit from Percy.

Our young physician met with wonderful success for one so recently established in his profession.

He had opened his office during a season when there happened to be considerable sickness at Kingston, and at a time, too, when one doctor was absent on the Continent, and another laid up with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism; and so, for want of a more experienced practitioner, our young doctor was called to numerous households which, under other circumstances, he might never have entered.

From the first he was eminently successful. The sickness was confined chiefly to children,

and being very fond of little ones, and possessing a frank, attractive face and gentle, pleasing manners, he invariably won their confidence, and wherever he went once he was looked for again with pleasure.

He did not lose a single case during the prevailing epidemic, and the praises of the young and skillful M. D. were upon the lips of every one.

One morning, during his office hours, which were from eight to ten, he was sitting in his snug study perusing the pages of the last London Lancet.

He had no callers that morning, and was congratulating himself over the fact and promising himself a season of uninterrupted reading, when the sound of a horse furiously galloping down the street attracted his attention.

The next moment it had ceased, and an imperative rap sounded on his door.

"Come in!" he commanded, and a man, almost breathless from rapid riding, entered.

"You are wanted at Osterly Park, sir, and as quick as ever you can get there, too," he said, hurriedly, but respectfully.

"At Osterly Park! Who is ill there?" Percy asked, quietly, but with an inward thrill at the summons, for Osterly Park was the seat of the Duchess of Jersey, and it would be no small honor to be called to attend a member of her household.

He arose as he spoke, and began looking over his medicine-case to see if everything was in its place.

"A young lady, sir, as is a visitor there. She was taken very bad, in a kind of faint like, more than an hour ago, and they can't bring her to," explained the man.

"Have they called any one else?" Percy inquired.

"Her grace has telegraphed to Sir Henry Harwood, her London doctor, but Mrs. Stewart—that's the young lady's mother—begged her to send for some one else to do for her until he comes; and it's a hard ride that I've had after you," the man concluded, wiping the perspiration from his heated face.

"I will go immediately," Percy remarked, taking up his hat. "It is my regular office time, but I will not disregard so urgent a call."

"You are to go back on the horse that I rode down, sir," the servant pursued, following him to the door. "It will save time, and your ladyship's groom will come for him shortly."

"All right," returned the young doctor, as he went quickly out, mounted the splendid specimen of horseflesh that stood waiting for him, and rode rapidly away in the direction of Osterly Park.

A brisk canter of twenty minutes brought him to the imposing gate leading into the spacious grounds, and on either side of which there were four massive posts, surmounted by immense owls, whose great eyes glared at him with a look of insolent wisdom, and through which, at night, there flashed a vivid light; for the grave looking birds were nothing more nor less than the gate lanterns.

The porter stood ready to admit him, and touched his hat respectfully as he held the gate open for him to pass through.

He rode along the wide, smoothly graded avenue, which was guarded on either side by beautiful beech and lime trees, until he came to the magnificent mansion which was the pride of the whole county, and where a groom was waiting to take his horse, and another servant to conduct him within.

Removing his hat and gloves in the hall, Percy followed his guide up the long stairway of beautifully carved and polished oak, to the second story.

From the upper corridor, which also seemed to be a sort of picture gallery, there hung many portraits and almost priceless treasures of art—he was ushered into a richly furnished chamber, where two ladies and as many servants were gathered around the bed, upon which there lay one of the most beautiful young girls that Percy Morton had ever seen.

She was apparently about twenty-one or two years of age—a perfect blonde, with hair like threads of finest gold, and a face whose pure, delicate profile, once seen, could never be forgotten. Her eyes he could not see, for they were hidden beneath her waxen lids, whose long, golden lashes swept the marble cheek; but he could well imagine their color, blue as wood violets in June.

Her grace, a woman of perhaps sixty years, but upright in form and sprightly in her movements as a girl of sixteen, came forward, at his entrance, and greeted him graciously.

"Doctor Morton," she said, "we are greatly relieved by your presence. Allow me to present my friend, Mrs. Stewart. And now will you not give your attention to our dear Helena?" Percy made his bow to Mrs. Stewart, and then he was at the bedside, his fingers upon the delicate wrist of the insensible girl, almost before she had ceased speaking.

There was scarcely any pulse; it was but a feeble vibrating thread.

He laid his hand upon her heart.

None but the most skillful touch could have detected a movement; but he knew that life was not extinct.

It was evidently a case of protracted syncope. The resolute lines settled firmly about the young physician's mouth; he meant to save this lovely maiden if it was in the power of human skill to do so.

He issued his orders in a quiet, authoritative tone, which he never would have presumed to use in that presence under any other circumstances. The man and the gentleman were merged in the physician, polish and etiquette in the professional. He forgot everything but that a human life lay in his hands and hung upon his promptness and skill.

An hour passed.

To the other watchers, gathered there, there seemed to be no change; but to Percy Morton, keenly alive to every sign, there appeared a little hope; the thread-like pulse was just a shade stronger, the delicate veins about those fair temples did not look quite so livid, nor the sweet lips quite so rigid and hueless.

"She did relax his vigilance an instant; not even to glance up from that death-like face when some one entered the room and handed the duchess a yellow envelope, although he was conscious of the act, and he instinctively knew that it was a telegram.

Her grace tore it eagerly open, read it and then uttered a little cry of dismay, while she turned to the nearly frantic mother, and said: "Sir Henry cannot come for several hours yet; he has a case which it will not do to leave, but he will be with us just as soon as possible."

"She will die!" moaned Mrs. Stewart, despairingly, as she turned her agonized gaze upon the still figure on the bed.

"She shall not die, God helping me!" Percy said, within himself, all his will rising to battle for the precious life in his care.

He administered a powerful restorative, ordered fresh draughts and more artificial heat to be applied to the extremities and body, and never relaxed his vigilance.

Yes, the deadly stupor was surely yielding to his tireless efforts, those blue lips were relaxing their rigid outline, while a little mirror that he every now and then held to them was at last slightly blurred by returning respiration.

Another half hour and a faintly-drawn breath, natural, though feeble, told that he had conquered.

Almost as he spoke those white lips quivered, then the golden lashes swept upward and he found a pair of wondrously beautiful eyes looking inquiringly up into his.

He moved aside, motioning Mrs. Stewart to take his place.

"What is it, mamma?" the girl asked, weakly.

"You have had a fainting turn, Helena," her mother replied, as she bent and touched her lips to her white forehead.

A shadow crossed her face, and she turned her head to look at the physician beside her mother.

He was regarding her earnestly. Their eyes met, and in hers he seemed to read an appeal, an earnest entreaty not to let that deadly darkness settle down upon her again.

The look touched him, even thrilled him.

"It will not return," he said, almost involuntarily. "But you must obey me implicitly, and keep very quiet."

She bowed slightly; an expression of content stole over her perfect features, and a delicate flush just tinged, for a moment, her cheek at his reassuring words.

"You think the fainting will not recur?" questioned the duchess, drawing the young man aside and studying his face critically.

"With proper care the young lady will do well," he replied.

"But it was a very dangerous attack, was it not?"

"Very; a half hour's longer delay would doubtless have been fatal."

The duchess grew very pale at these words. She had been in favor of waiting for her own physician, but Mrs. Stewart had begged her to send for other aid until he should arrive, and now it was not pleasant to think that if her advice had been followed her lovely guest would have died.

"What is your reason for thinking the attack will not recur?"

"My reason for the opinion is that the young lady appears to be in perfect health; I can discover no symptoms of organic disease. With such a perfect circulation as she appears to have, a fine physique and strong lungs, such attacks are entirely at variance with nature."

Dr. Morton explained, with some surprise and a puzzled look.

"After what I have just said it would seem as if I should more properly put the question to you, madam, or to the young lady's mother."

Percy replied, smiling slightly, yet with a look of anxiety in his eyes. "I should say that it was produced by the occurrence of some frightful incident or sudden mental shock."

The duchess's rosy cheeks took on a deeper hue at these words, and she experienced a growing respect for this grave, dignified young doctor, who was so keenly observant, yet who had been so simple and direct in his manner.

She saw that he had suspected that the fainting had been caused by some unpleasant incident, but without meddling with what did not concern him he had accepted the situation as he had found it, and exerted all his skill to undo the mischief that had been done.

There had been a fright or shock of some kind, although it was as yet a mystery to every one save the fair girl herself; for one of the servants had been startled by a piercing shriek from Helena Stewart, who was walking in the park, and when he hastened to her she was stretched lifeless upon the ground, and that was all that was known of the matter.

CHAPTER XI.

PERCY MEETS SIR HENRY HARWOOD.

"It will not be best to ask the young lady any questions at present," Percy continued. "She must not be agitated or annoyed in any way. She will be weak and languid for several days, she may even have some fever, but if she has no shock to produce another attack, I see no reason why she may not be quite herself before the week is out."

It was a strange thing, Percy thought, that the duchess thoughtfully, "I shall not feel satisfied until I know what caused it."

Percy simply bowed. Her remark did not call for any reply, and although he, too, secretly felt very curious to know what had been the cause of the fair girl's illness yet he would not say so.

He prepared something to be given her every two hours, gave a few directions to be followed in case she should grow feverish, and he noticed that his patient's glance followed somewhat anxiously his every movement.

He went to her bedside, touched her pulse, laid his cool, firm hand lightly on her forehead, looking searchingly down into her eyes meanwhile.

"Do you wish anything?" he asked, in a low, quiet tone.

Her lips formed the word "No," but a flush tinged her cheek again, and that same expression still shone in her eyes.

Percy felt very sure that something lay heavy on her heart, but he did not see fit to question her, and took his leave, after promising to look in again toward evening, in case the London physician did not come.

Her grace followed him from the room, and begged that would remain to lunch with the family.

He declined courteously, pleading his duties to his other patients, and ever refused to be carried back to town, saying that the morning was bright and fine and he preferred the walk.

Her ladyship graciously extended her hand to him at parting. She liked the straightforward, self-contained young doctor right well, and told herself that she would see more of him.

As Percy was walking down the avenue leading to the highway, thinking over the strange occurrence of the morning, and pondering upon the remarkable loveliness of the young girl who had become his patient under such peculiar circumstances, he encountered the man who had come to summon him.

"Ah! you have returned," he remarked with his genial smile. "Percy Morton was courteous, alike to rich or poor, high or low—a thorough Christian gentleman, who believed that while he was a healer of men's bodies, he also had a mission to perform in ministering to their moral needs as well."

"Yes, sir, some time ago, sir," the man responded, doffing his hat respectfully. "And I've just been down to the rhododendron walk to see if I could find out what frightened the young lady."

"Ah! is it near by?" Percy asked, with a sudden look of interest.

"Yes, sir; the first walk on the right, and the rhododendrons are a goodly sight, sir; if you have time, just take a look at them; her grace is very proud of her collection."

"Thank you, my man, I will," Percy replied, and passed on.

He had another object, besides seeing the flowers, in going to the rhododendron walk. He wanted to view the spot where Miss Stewart had lain, and took his leave, after promising to look in again toward evening, in case the London physician did not come.

He turned to the first walk on the right, and a moment later found himself in a perfect bower of beauty.

The duchess had indeed reason to be proud of her special favorites, for the collection was very largely of beautiful specimens.

For a time Percy forgot his chief object, in coming here, in his admiration of the gorgeous display. He had never seen anything so lovely of the kind before, and he simply revelled in the masses of brilliant coloring.

But, on suddenly rounding a great bed of *Zoeum elegans*, whose wonderful bloom was almost dazzling to the eye, he came upon the spot, he was quite sure, where Miss Stewart had lain.

The grave in the path had been kicked up in several places, and there were numerous foot-prints all about. A portion of the shrub, too, was broken, and some of the

lovely flowers lay scattered on the ground, and even trampled into the earth.

A step or two farther on, and lying just under the shadow of the glowing shrub, something else attracted his keen eye and caused an exclamation, half of surprise, half of satisfaction, to escape him.

It was a glove—a gentleman's glove! He stooped to pick it up. It was of kid—dark brown in color and heavily stitched on the back.

Percy smoothed it out in his hand, and as he did so he felt a hard substance in one of the fingers.

He shook it softly over his palm.

It fell out—a plain, heavy circlet of gold, set with one of the loveliest cameo stones he had ever seen. The cutting was very fine, and he knew that it was a valuable trinket.

On the inside there was engraved the initials, "H. S. to C. O., June 5th, 18—"

There is a lover in the case," he said, his eyes fixed on it, and not an acceptable lover either, for some reason I should judge, these initials to the contrary notwithstanding, I surmise that the 'H' stands for Helena, and the 'C' for the name of the unfortunate young man who caused such mischief this morning."

"What shall I do with the treasure that I have found?" he continued, musingly. "If I give it to her grace, and she inquires, I will immediately be set afloat, and perhaps result in getting my fair patient into even deeper trouble. If I give it to Miss Stewart it will be equivalent to telling her that I suspect an amorous intrigue, and perhaps get myself into hot water for my presumption. I think I will keep it for the present, and await future developments."

Arriving at this conclusion, Percy pocketed both glove and ring, and then turned his steps back toward the town, where he spent a busy day visiting his regular patients.

About seven in the evening he again presented himself at Osterly Park, where he was received with great kindness by the duchess.

Sir Henry Harwood had arrived only a half-hour previous, she told him, and was now with his patient, who had been steadily improving since his visit of the morning, although she seemed a trifle feverish as evening came on.

He furthermore stated that Sir Henry had highly approved and heartily commended the young doctor's prompt and energetic treatment of the case, and claimed that the young lady had had a very narrow escape.

Moreover, he had expressed a desire to make Dr. Morton's acquaintance, and if he was agreeable he had said that he would send a servant to tell him that he was there.

Percy expressed his pleasure at the opportunity offered him, with kindling eyes.

He had often heard the eminent physician spoken of while he was studying in London, but he had never seen him, and now he esteemed it a piece of good fortune to be introduced to him under such favorable circumstances.

The duchess sent her message, and in the course of fifteen minutes the servant ushered a distinguished looking man, of perhaps forty-five or eight years, into the room.

He possessed a grand physique; was tall and kingly in his bearing, with a fine, open face, a broad intellectual brow, from which his heavy iron-gray hair was tossed carelessly back. His eyes were keen and piercing as a lance, but kindly in expression; his features somewhat massive but clearly cut—every line showing thought and great strength of character.

Percy's heart throbbed with a deep respect, almost amounting to reverence, as he arose to greet him.

"Ah! so this is Dr. Morton," Sir Henry remarked, as his grace introduced them, while he searched the young man's face with earnest scrutiny—"taking his measure," Percy thought.

"Well, I am truly glad to meet you, sir," he continued, and the hearty clasp of his hand testified to the sincerity of his words.

Percy replied that the pleasure was mutual, and then inquired how he had found his fair patient.

"Very comfortable, young man—very comfortable, thanks to your prompt and efficient treatment. But—I expected from what I had heard of you that you must be a much older man than I find you. How long have you been practicing?"

"Less than a year, sir!"

"Um! Where were you educated?" demanded the physician, giving him another keen look.

"At the Royal College of Physicians in London."

"Good," and Sir Henry also nodded an emphatic approval. "Fine institution—very thorough and practical, and you have proved yourself an apt pupil. What did you think of the young lady's case this morning?"

"She was in a very critical condition when I arrived—in a state of suspended animation, which would have resulted fatally very shortly if she had not had help."

"Yes, yes—but what is your theory regarding the cause of the attack?" and again those piercing eyes searched the young doctor's face.

"It would better become me to ask that question of you, sir, out of respect to your longer practice and larger experience," Percy replied, evasively, and glancing toward the duchess as he spoke.

But she was buried in a new periodical, leaving the gentlemen free to talk the case over as they liked.

Sir Henry was quick to note the look, and understood that if the young man had a theory he did not wish to reveal it in that presence.

"You are very modest," he said, a slight smile of amusement curling his lips, "but I wanted your opinion in relation to the case. Did you discover any local or organic trouble?"

"No, sir; nothing of the kind. I think that the attack was produced by some sudden and terrible shock," Percy replied, in a low tone, with another glance at the duchess.

"That is my idea exactly. Miss Stewart is in altogether too sound a condition to be overpowered by any ordinary occurrence—never fainted in her life before, her mother tells me. I tried to get at the bottom of the matter, but our patient evaded me very cleverly; just gave a nervous little laugh, and said she supposed there must be a first time, only she hoped it would never happen again. She says she remembers falling with a terrible sensation at her heart and in her throat, but nothing more until she heard a strange voice and found you at her bedside. Mind you, she does not say a word about anything that happened before she fell," Sir Henry concluded, impressively.

Percy could see that he suspected that something had occurred more than was allowed to appear, but he did not feel at liberty to divulge what he had discovered. It could do Miss Stewart no possible good; it might, instead, result in causing a great deal of trouble and unhappiness for her. He resolved to keep his own counsel, for the present, at least, and if he ever confided in anyone it should be the young lady herself.

entirely, in this region, in less than two years' time. Eh, Doctor Morton?"

The doctor mounted to Percy's forehead at this high praise, and the duchess smiled most benignly upon him. Sir Henry Harwood was her oracle upon affairs of health and medical regimen.

"You will do well to see your patient once a day for the remainder of the week," he continued. "She is evidently still laboring under some mental excitement, which may induce fever unless she is watched."

Percy bowed acquiescence, and Sir Henry, hearing the carriage without, shook hands with her grace and then turned to leave the room.

"Are you going back to town?" he asked Percy, as they passed out. "If so, jump in and give me your company."

Percy could not refuse this hearty, off-hand invitation, while he felt more and more drawn toward the man every moment.

So they rode back together, Percy accompanying his superior to the station, where he remained until the train arrived.

"Do you ever run up to London, Morton?" Sir Henry asked, just as he was about to enter a coach.

"Occasionally; but I am sticking pretty close to business just now. You understand—I have my reputation to make," Percy answered, smiling.

"That is right; but come to see me when you are in town. You will always find me at this address from 4 to 6 p.m., and after 8 in the evening. I want to see more of you, young man."

He slipped a card into his hand as he spoke. Percy thanked him; then the two men shook hands warmly, as Sir Henry stepped aboard, and the train came away toward London, while our young physician went back to his office, feeling that the day had been a remarkably eventful one for him.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is

A Death Ride.

For Saturday Night.

On the borders of Poland and Russia lies a small town, whose name Omennitska, although hard to pronounce and still harder to remember, nevertheless, on account of an incident witnessed by me alone has impressed itself on my memory in such a way as even now, long years after, to haunt me in my sleep.

A commercial traveler, my route once took me to the above named little town. Its ragged, desolate appearance gave a true picture of the sad state into which Poland had sunk during her fruitless effort to shake off the Russian yoke. Winter, hard and severe as it usually is in these countries, had covered everything with its icy mantle, I was very tired and half frozen, when, after a day's sleigh ride over vale and hill, through forest and moors, I at last drove up the broad, stone-paved main street. Pedestrians, wrapped in heavy, gray woolen cloaks, with a hood of the same material drawn well down over head and ears, passed one another silently, while their breath like a tiny blue streak vanished in the clear, frosty air. As the town had only one hotel to boast of, it did not take me long to find it. When I, after a good supper, sat down with pipe and punch in front of a blazing fire, I forgot all my hardships during the day and dreamed of the golden future, when I, as a well-to-do tea merchant, could settle down in my beloved birthplace, Mos-gau. My brown study was at last interrupted by the landlord, who declared my bedroom ready for use. It being near bedtime, sleep seemed welcome, when I a few minutes later laid my head down upon a hard hay pillow. My slumber went on, sound and undisturbed, until shortly after midnight, when distant cries for help awoke me. At first I thought it delusion or the effect of dreams, but soon a louder and more anxious cry made me spring out of bed and throw open the window. Hushed and still in the cold winter air the town lay before me, at a distance the mighty forest threw a dark shadow far out over the hard, frozen snow. Above a thousand glittering stars looked like as many diamonds set in the blue firmament. Already was I going to close the window, everything looked so quiet and peaceful, when the same blood-chilling cry made me start and look out over the fields; there from out of the forest shade came a man on horseback. In wild haste he made straight for the town, over hedges and ditches, over every barrier he sped in his mad career. Behind him, first far off, then closer and closer was something in pursuit; it looked like a continuation of the forest shade, then it became scattered. Oh, horror! Now I saw what it was.

Wolves! wolves! maddened by hunger.

On and on the rider came, swiftly and silently the fiendish beasts gained upon him. Now he entered the street and I could clearly distinguish him. He was a tall, stout man clad in a dark cloak, whose cape fluttered in the wind; he wore riding boots with large spurs, whose sharp points were dug into the sides of a powerful black horse.

It was an awful sight. As he came thundering through the empty street big sparks of fire flew from the horse's shoes as they in swift succession struck the stone pavement. A heartrending cry echoed through the town when he looked back and saw his pursuers close upon him, one large gray wolf was so near that it made constant snaps at his legs. I shuddered to see how the red tongue hung out of its mouth, while the eyes looked like two balls of fire. Now the unhappy man came quite close. I could see the pale, terror-stricken face as it looked to every side for help. For one second he stopped. With the butt of a large pistol, which he seemingly beforehand had emptied on the pack, he struck the beast a fearful blow on the head. It fell, rolled over and then disappeared under the advancing wolves, whose snarls and breaking of bones could be heard afar off as they greedily devoured their comrade. Those who came after did not even stop. They kept straight on after the rider, who had gained a little; but it could not last. I saw his horse covered with foam, and trembling in every limb. "God have mercy on his soul! He is a doomed man!" I sighed as I saw him disappear, followed by the bloodthirsty demons. I knew he could get in nowhere. Every gate and doorway had been closed and barred for the night. In these unruly times no one would open before daybreak, and even if they did the unhappy man would not have time to stop and try to get in. Standing in the second story of the hotel I was unable to help. Only a few minutes later the air rang with a shriek so fearful in its anguish and pain that even now I seem to hear it. It was the death shriek of the horse, and I prayed long and earnestly for its master. Next morning a peasant brought a saddle and a few torn pieces of clothing, all soiled with blood. I went to the magistrate and told what I had witnessed during the night, but although every effort was made the name of the unfortunate night rider remained a mystery to all.

Parkdale.

BIRGER BECH.

"Bingen on the Rhine"

(A Typical Parody.)

The editor of a newspaper lay dying in his bed, and the dew of death had gathered on his brow so calm and fair; but a printer knelt beside him as his life blood ebbed away, and asked the dying writer if he had a word to say. The doomed man murmured softly, as he grasped the printer's fist: "Well at last the struggle's over, and I never will be missed; take a message and a token to that city man of mine, that all his worn-out chestnuts he has better put in brine. There's his joke about the weather, which he's used these many years, and the gag about the fellow who is always hunting bears, and the item he's so fond of on the man who peddles books, and the chestnut based on people who go fishing at the brooks; just to save the paper's credit and cast no slurs on mine, I would ask him as a favor, just to put such gags in brine. And the lie he's fond of telling of the street-cars and the tracks, and ancient joke about the man who steps upon some tacks; and the one about some dandy who will never pay for clothes, and the one on women—it's weary, goodness knows; Oh, I know I'll slumber happy in my grave beneath the vine, if the man who does the city work will put these jokes in brine. Tell the man who tends to business not to weep when I am dead, but to buy himself a club and hit the first man on the head who comes in with strings of items and requests them printed free when the regular rates are cheaper than

they really ought to be. Tell the foreman when he makes up not to turn a rule for me, but to simply print an item saying that my soul is free; for I want no eulogistic taffy of that kind in mine, and I think such hoary chestnuts should be picked well in brine. Have that gay and fresh reporter I engaged the other day, put a stop to saying 'selah,' also, 'we have come to stay'; and if he should say 'ye local' you must trample him in his gore, for you know I'd never allow it in the happy days of yore. And the man who comes to tell you how to run the paper well, should be greeted when he enters with a pewter chestnut bell; and you'll print the paper promptly, be the weather full of storms, and the foreman must be careful, when he's making up the forms, that the beauty of the paper may through all the ages shine, and not be like its neighbors, only fit to put in brine." The dying writer uttered, and these simple words he spoke, and the printer knew directly that he was about to croak. So he propped him as gently as a child; but the writer's soul had wandered to the land of undeath. And the printer sobbed a little, as he gave one last caress, and he muttered: "I must leave him, for it's time to go to press. Very few could be doing better for his writings were divine, and he never had to place them in a bucketful of brine."

How War Pictures are Painted.

A lady who went with her soldier husband to see some pictures of incidents in the Sudan campaign, after contemplating a big canvas on which was depicted an exciting charge of cavalry, asked him naively where the artist sat to paint the picture? She was evidently under the impression that it had been done on the spot. Whether she pictured the painter in a balloon, with easel and canvas complete, his mouth full of brushes and surrounded by colors, working away for dear life; or whether she had an idea that he sat in a bullet-proof shed, with "Beware of hurting the artist" in large letters outside, it is impossible to say, but she perhaps paid the greatest possible compliment to the spirit of the picture by thinking it was done then and there.

It is a matter of some curiosity how artists do paint the great war pictures which appear in our exhibitions and galleries from time to time. That they have seen what they paint the work tells plainly; although the expressions of the various faces may to some extent be created by the painter, they are more an effort of memory than of imagination. In picture where many of the figures are portraits it is certain that probably at no time during a campaign were so many distinguished persons assembled so closely together.

The artist in this case has made faithful sketches of the place and of groups of officers and men as he has frequently seen them. To these sketches he is adding bits day by day. One day there may be a skirmish, then the artist either sees it or perchance takes his part with his brothers of the sword, for his pencil is not his only implement whilst he is seeing service. He either sketches it as he looks on or from memory, adding, day by day, little details. One time the position may be a rearing over the body of a fallen foe may strike the artist, who works at it until he gets the idea he wants, when the sketch is laid aside to be used or not, as he may think fit, in the composition of his big picture.

This is a business of later date, when the turmoil of battle is over and the painter has regained the peaceful seclusion of his own beloved studio. Then it is that the big canvas is mounted on a giant easel, and the artist's brain begins to work and give off the impressions made upon it through the sights his eyes saw during the stirring events in which he has recently participated. The sketches furnish him with background; and coloring; it may be he has washed in some colors to make sure of being absolutely correct in that respect, for memory plays strange tricks with color.

When this has all been sketched in, then comes the grouping, in which the sketches again form an important part. Afterwards there is the work of painting the guns, the horses, the men in correct uniform, just as they were on that day—engineers, blue-jackets, guards, linesmen, ambulance corps, each in every respect and every detail correct—or else capacious critics, well up in military matters and martinis as regards equipments, will speedily let the world know wherein the picture fails. All this must be done from the living models, just as the portraits of the heroes of the day must be painted from life, if they will spare time for sittings. If not, other means must be found for portraying features familiar enough to the public through the medium of the photographer or the illustrated press. Indeed, the artist has most probably provided himself with some sketches of these celebrities which, in default of a proper sitting being attainable, serve to give likenesses easily enough recognized.

Perhaps no man has painted more pictures of war incidents than the Russian artist Verestchagin, who went through the Russo-Turkish campaign in Bulgaria, and sketched from sight some of the scenes and atrocities of that awful war, which he afterwards made into pictures and exhibited them through many countries as well as in London and Liverpool. He says he remembers one day at Shipka sitting down to sketch under cover of a Turkish bullet proof block-house, when three shells in rapid succession struck the roof and having done everything, and covered his pallet thickly with dust and dirt, he had to leave his work unfinished. The bullets were whizzing about like flies, and shells bursting on every side. The men found it dangerous to venture outside the close earth huts, which swarmed with every species of insect, because the Turks occupied a commanding position and could literally pick them off with rifle fire.

At times the rations were brought round from the shelter of the hills in carts drawn by three horses. Hungry men would brave danger and surround these carts, when suddenly a shell would burst, and cart, horses, and men, would become confounded in a heap. One night the frost was very intense, and as the Russian soldiers had only thin overcoats (their warm clothing did not reach them until spring), strict orders were given that the regiments were to be kept awake. Verestchagin dozed beside a camp fire, but, feeling himself freezing he woke up and smoked a cigar, waiting until it was time to march.

These were hard experiences for the sake of getting pictures, and yet, they were but little things compared to some that the artist endured. That he caught the spirit of the time will be admitted by all who saw his pictures, which, morbid as they were, in no wise exaggerated the horrors of the dreadful war. Verestchagin did not allow natural grief for the loss of relatives to stop the exercise of his art. After the battle of Plevna, he heard that one of his brothers had been killed and one wounded; he himself was wounded, but, unheeding that he set out to try and hear of his wounded brother. The scene first met his eyes was one which he afterwards transmitted to canvas. Eighteen thousand men of the Russian army were killed and wounded. The number of the latter was so great that the doctors could not attend to all, and many were left for days together with wounds undressed and without food or drink. Those of whose recovery there was no hope were simply left to die—there was no time to waste over them whilst lives might still be saved. Many in this dying condition the artist sketched, and afterwards painted, with gauze coverings thrown over them to keep off the flies. Even the expressions of their faces he seemed to have caught as he probably examined each, anxiously looking for his own brother.

One day he was asked by a general if he would like to see a spy led away. The artist went and saw a house entered by soldiers. The house was guarded on every side, and from it, half an hour later, followed by the soldiers who had entered, emerged a tall, dark man in civilian dress, his hat on one side, and his hands

thrust into his jacket pockets. He kept his eyes steadily on the soldiers in front, no doubt wondering which of them had the bullet in his rifle, which was so soon to end his life. Needless to say, the artist sketched it all for a picture of one of the most dramatic incidents of the war.

When Plevna was taken, the Turks, in leaving, were too weak to resist the severe frost, and fell along the road from there to the Danube, which was strewn with soldiers frozen to death. Verestchagin had heard that this was a painless death, in which case in painting the scene the faces would have to be serene. He, with artistic instincts all aroused, set out with a Cossack companion, and closely examined some of the faces of the dead men along the road.

The result of his examination was that he painted every face with the impress of deep suffering, that being as he found them without exception. Nothing seems to have escaped the artist who took his chance with the rest through death and danger, and fought when fighting was to be done, as must all artists who go with the soldiers through a campaign, even though their object be so pacific a one as to come home again and paint successful war pictures.

How He Saw the Game for Nothing.



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Tableau!

—Judge.

Poor, Dear Man.

A man who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to decant on his noble qualities this ingenious No. 2 merely says, "Poor, dear man! How I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

What Did Smith Write on His Pad?

Amy—I want you to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Smith, Charlie. I know him only by sight. As he passed me on Fifth avenue yesterday he tripped on a banana peel and fell heavily.

Charlie—What of it?
Amy—He didn't swear as you would have done.

Charlie (calmly)—He is dumb.

Comforting.

Deacon—I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome.

Young Man—Thank you.

Deacon—I suppose you find church going a great comfort?
Young Man—Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer-book I helped hold up?
Deacon—Yes.
Young Man—She's a great comfort, too.

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Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. Hoskin, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Jones, Mr. Goldingham, Capt. Sears, Capt. Wise, A.D.C., Mr. W. H. Long, M.P., of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the Misses Shanly, Miss Small, Mr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Hodgins, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Miss Castle of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Robinson, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Crooks, Major Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Phipps, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Rowley Moffatt and many others.

Miss Castle of Cobourg is staying with her sister, Mrs. Crowther, in Toronto.

Captain Geddes is paying a visit to Mrs. Stephen Heward at her country place near Orillia.

Mr. C. N. Shanly is also a guest of Mrs. Stephen Heward's.

Hon. Alexander Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with a party of friends, of whom Mr. W. H. Long, M.P., a member of Her Majesty's present Government, is one, left town on Thursday. In a private car of the C.P.R. the party is to proceed by leisurely stages to the Rockies and Pacific coast, and will have ample time to examine what interests the country offers en route. The visit of an English statesman to Manitoba and the Northwest, in such pleasant company, cannot fail to leave the best of impressions on his mind, which impressions should bear good fruit when he returns to England and once more takes his place in Parliament.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith's Thursday afternoon of tennis, talk and tea at the Grange, are as popular and well attended now as they were in the early summer. Many ladies who do not consider themselves up to club form, and shirk the game at the Toronto Club's Mondays, wield the racket with confidence under the friendly auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith.

Mrs. Wolfertan Thomas of London, Ont., whose pretty wedding took place at St. George's only a few months ago, is staying with her sister, Mrs. McCullough, on College avenue.

Miss Vanderpuy of New York, but whose looks would lead one to place her birth place in the south, has been staying at the Queen's. At Lady Macpherson's garden party Miss Vanderpuy was distinctly one of the attractions.

For readers of my gossip who do not know it already, it will be pleasant news to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson have resolved to abandon Galt during the coming winter, and are going to reside in town.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy gave a large dinner-party on Tuesday last.

Captain Ellison Wise, General Middleton's popular A.D.C., has been staying in town for a few days this week on his way back from London, Ont., to Ottawa.

Mr. R. Fox has returned to town after a long stay in Muskoka and at the Georgian Bay.

The Anglican Church of St. Barnabas is one of the prettiest edifices in the West End, and St. Barnabas never looked prettier than on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. C. C. Ambery and Miss Everett Cross last Wednesday evening.

The church was perfectly jammed from the entrance to the chancel with friends and relatives of the high contracting parties. Precisely at 8 o'clock the choir, fully supplied, filed slowly from the vestry to the chancel singing that well known bridal hymn, The Voice that Breathed Our Eden, and followed by the officiating clergymen, the Revs. H. Clark and J. A. Brouthal (rector of St. Stephen's).

The bridegroom and his groomsmen, Mr. Jack Ambery and Mr. R. D. Sanson, in the meanwhile were waiting at the lower steps of the altar. As the last notes of the hymn died away the bridesmaids, Miss Cross (a sister of the bride) and Miss Russell, entered the church, looking exceptionally charming. Miss Cross was attired in a costume of pale pink china silk, trimmed handsomely with silk cord and girdle. She carried a bouquet of pink and cream rosebuds, and wore a wreath of pink blossoms around her head.

Miss Russell was handsomely gowned in a superb costume of white china silk and blue tulle. Her bouquet was composed of pure, white roses, whilst a wreath of lilies encircled her head.

Just as the bridesmaids had taken their places at the altar, the bride appeared. Most brides are pretty, of course, but Miss Cross was an exceptionally pretty one, as she passed up the aisle of St. Barnabas on the arm of her grandfather, Mr. A. P. MacDonald. She was attired in a beautiful robe of cream corded silk, trimmed heavily with cream silk cord, bridal wreath of orange blossoms, and a veil of exceeding great length, which fell to the end of her train. A bouquet of cream rosebuds and a star of brilliants on her forehead lent a finished charm to her striking costume.

The church itself presented a most brilliant appearance. A large number of seats were reserved for the invited guests. The handsome costumes of the ladies made an admirable counterfoil to the sombre evening dress of the gentlemen, and, to these, the beautiful music, the lights and the charms of the bridal party formed one of the brightest and most fashionable affairs which has taken place in the west end for some time.

The bridal party and guests drove from the church to "The Hough," the residence of Mr. A. P. MacDonald, where a reception was held. The drawing-room was very prettily decorated

with flowers and evergreens, the grounds appeared brilliant with colored lights, as the bridal party was welcomed with the strains of music from Neapolitan's Band. The supper was a very pleasant affair, during which the bride made her escape to appear again in a handsome traveling costume, and after receiving the congratulations of their friends, and amidst a shower of rice, etc., the happy pair took their departure for an extended tour through the Eastern States.

The costumes of the ladies were very handsome. Mrs. Cross (mother of the bride) wore a gown of rich cream and old gold brocade combined with blue. Mrs. A. P. MacDonald a robe of rich black silk velvet, trimmed heavily with jet and cord en train. Mrs. Milligan a costume of black satin trimmed with jet, cut V wise behind and in front. The costumes of Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont were very handsome. Mrs. A. R. Kirkpatrick wore her very beautiful wedding robe of white silk and pearls. The Misses Annie and Julia Denison wore charming costumes of pink silver, Mrs. Henry Duggan a rich gown of pale green plush, the Misses Shanly were handsomely costumed in black. Miss Cumberland wore an exceedingly beautiful gown of blue satin with bonnet to match. Miss Mercer Adam looked very well in a pale cream cashmere with pearl ornaments.

Dancing was kept up until a very early hour in the morning. Lack of space forbids my giving a complete list of the guests, among whom were Colonel and Mrs. Alger, Colonel Milligan, Colonel Fred Denison, Colonel G. T. Denison and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Miss Florence Mercer Adam, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Donaldson, Rev. Mr. and Miss Wright of London, Mr. Haggard, Mr. A. R. Kirkpatrick and the Misses Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ed. Leigh, Miss Ratcliffe, Mrs. Ayton of Ottawa, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wright of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mr. Henry Duggan, Mr. Charles Lindsey, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mr. W. L. M. Lindsey, Mr. Graeme G. Adam, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donaldson, Mrs. Macdonnell, Miss Marie Macdonnell, the Misses Strath, Boddy, Hall, Browning, Fullerton, Heward, Eddis, Boyd, Maughan and Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and the Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and the Misses McDonald, Mr. and the Misses Scott, Mr. A. Monro Grier, the Misses Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. and the Misses Gordon, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. and the Misses Strickland, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wye, Dr. Dobie, Dr. and Mrs. Love and many others.

The wedding presents were very handsome and numerous, and I can only regret that lack of space prevents my giving a detailed list.

Personal.

Sir Alexander Campbell has been spending the week in Ottawa.

All Saints' Church will have a surpliced choir within its walls to-morrow.

Chief Justice Armour of Cobourg was in town at the commencement of the week.

Dr. Jolliffe of Wolfe Island spent a few days last week with his friends in Toronto.

Mr. A. Henderson, jr., of Oshawa, was in town for a few days, taking in the exhibition.

Mr. Henderson, barrister, of Norwood, spent the week in town, and is looking uncommonly well.

Mr. Edmund Wragge returned on Sunday night after a two months' sojourn in the Old Country.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford of 190 Spadina avenue have arrived home after a three months' tour in England, Scotland and the Continent.

Mrs. Youmans, well known to the temperance folks of Toronto, is gradually recovering from what was at one time supposed to be a fatal illness.

Amongst the various notables who have come and gone during the week, has been the Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, who arrived in the city last Monday evening.

Mr. J. P. Colton, business manager of Janauschek was in the city this week on his first visit and made an exceedingly favorable impression amongst the theater and newspaper people.

Miss Carnie of Paris, who has been spending a very enjoyable month with Mrs. D. McDermid, Jarvis street, returned home during the week to the regret of many friends in Toronto.

The Argonaut Club has an "At Home" this afternoon. The final races from Thursday and Friday will come off, also canoe racing, after which dancing will be indulged in to the strains of Marciano's band.

Mr. Claude Boulton returned last week from a tour through Great Britain, Ireland, Austria, Germany, and the great picture galleries. His collection of German pipes (hand painted) is a special feature of itself.

Mr. John Small, member for East Toronto, and Mrs. Small returned on Thursday from the Pacific coast. During their trip Mr. and Mrs. Small were at Banff, Victoria, Vancouver, and all the points of interest in British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Keeling returned from their wedding tour last week, and on September 18, gave an At Home at their residence, 247 Jarvis street. A large number of friends were present, dancing being enjoyed until a late hour.

On Wednesday evening next the choir of the Church of the Redeemer will sing a service of praise in the new Church of the Epiphany, in Parkdale, under Mr. Schuch's direction. The soloists will be Miss Langstaff, Miss Campbell, Miss Grundy, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Fairclough.

Mr. F. C. McGee's departure by last Saturday's Montreal boat was witnessed by quite a number of personal friends who had assembled to say "good bye." Mr. McGee joins his mother at Halifax, whence they leave for a six months' residence in the sunny south.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Spain gave an extremely pleasant party at their

residence on Queen street west. The evening was most agreeably passed with music and dancing, and at a late hour the delighted guests left with a grateful sense of the good-natured hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Spain.

The Church Woman's Mission Aid Society of the Divine, of Toronto, met again for work at their rooms, No. 1 Elm street, Toronto, at 2 p.m. on Friday, Sept. 21st. Any contributions of clothing, books, underclothing may be sent to the rooms, No. 1 Elm street, and money contributions to the secretary, Mrs. W. T. O'Reilly, 37 Bleeker street, Toronto.

Mrs. W. Barclay McMurich of St. George street returned this week from her summer home on Lake Joseph, Muskoka, where she has been spending a few weeks since her arrival from the old country. Mrs. McMurich was accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Maggie and Eva Watson of Hamilton, who have been staying with her.

Mr. Joseph Adamson's yacht, the Alarm, had on board a large and merry party on Monday last. The ascent of the venturesome aeronaut, Prof. Williams, occurred at the moment the Alarm passed the Exhibition grounds, and his unexpected drop within a few hundred yards of the yacht, provided a sensation. The steam launch being fully two miles distant from the unfortunate aeronaut, the timely assistance of Messrs. Eddis and Hughes spared him a long and chilly wait in the ice-cold water, for which he expressed himself to those on board as extremely grateful. "A strong wind and a flowing sea," beautiful moonlight, rattling good songs, and, on the return tack, the splendid fireworks at the Exhibition grounds, combined with other pleasing incidents to make Mr. Jack Eddis' party on the Alarm one to be long remembered. Following are the names of those on board during this pleasant cruise: Mrs. Leith, the Misses Eddis, Miss Mabel Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Kerestman, Miss Thomas, Miss Elwell, Miss Minnie Elwell, Miss Orde; Messrs. Adamson, Oates, Eddis (3), Hunter, Mitchell, Kappele, Hughes, Grant and Brown.

A very pleasant party were entertained on the 15th inst., by Mr. F. B. Polson, on board his steam yacht, the Vivid. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Wm. Galbraith and Mrs. Rogers, who gracefully undertook the management of a cozy tea, which was served on board, after which the party enjoyed a pleasant sail on the bay and lake. The Vivid reached the foot of Sherbourne street about nine p.m., whence the party immediately drove to Mr. Polson's residence on Pembroke street. A feature of the evening was the cotillion led by Mrs. J. Rogers and Mr. H. S. Hunter. This is a pretty dance, to waltz time, where the figure is danced under different colored muslins, which are held by the couples dancing, the favors being, for the ladies small Japanese fans, and tobacco pouches for the gentlemen. Among those present were noticed Miss Harvey, Miss Field, Miss Scott, Miss H. Scott, Miss Henderson, Miss Marshall, Miss Rice, Miss McCausland, and Mrs. A. Scott, Messrs. Skinner, Brooks, Hill, Bogart, Dr. Broburgh, Barrett, Piddington, Arnold, Morphy, Eddis, Cowan, A. Boyd, Hunter and Mitchell.

Mme. Janauschek.

(Continued from Page One.)

receiving \$42 per month at Cologne, where she received every possible social recognition. Shortly after removing to Frankfurt, where she remained for eleven years, her fame as a great tragedienne became established, and she was engaged at the Royal Theater, Dresden, at a salary of \$2,500 a year. This engagement endowed her with the title of Royal Actress, and she became the special favorite and protégée of King John. Through the intercession of Princess Amelia, who was her particular friend, she was released from her engagement, and, after starring for three years through Europe, she came to America.

Her impersonation of Meg Merrilies to which she is devoting her present attention is strongly different from the chief roles in which she has been seen through the past few seasons. Her success is complete and indubitable, the performance seeming to be peculiarly adapted to her distinguished talents. It requires breadth, combined with subtlety, grandeur and grotesqueness. These ingredients are mutually repulsive in many ways, and only a cunning hand can combine them, and beyond all mechanical requirements, there must be a deeply tragic sensibility, and it is this that invests her impersonation of Meg Merrilies with so great a charm. With her it is the sylph quite as distinctly as the woman that is uppermost. Perhaps it has less pathos than the performance of Charlotte Cushman had, but it must be remembered that the imagination cleans a glory from a scene which is afar. A comparison of the past with the present is frequently unfair. The fact remains that the Meg Merrilies of Mme. Janauschek is an indomitable, powerful and impressive characterization exquisitely human in its quieter moments and seeming superhuman at its great heights of achievement.

It has been said that Mme. Janauschek has been somewhat neglected by the theater-going public of late years, but this is not true of Toronto for here she always scores a triumph. That lately there has been a revival of interest in her interpretation of tragic roles elsewhere will be pleasing to all who are anxious that the classic traditions of tragic art shall not pass away altogether from the stage. Mme. Janauschek has made a brave and vigorous fight against listlessness and indifference and to all appearances she has won back a firm hold upon public favor.

The picture we present of the famous actress is not a good one, having been hastily made from an imperfect portrait, but her presence amongst us next week is sufficient to justify the effort to do her honor and give our readers a glimpse of the face of the great tragic actress.

Notice.

We would call the attention of our readers to the grand opening of Millinery, Mantle and Costume show rooms for the fall and winter season of 1888, at W. A. Murray & Co.'s, King street east. The display will be more than usually attractive, and should be seen by all.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Society people are slowly returning from seaside, and hillside, and riverside, and in a very few more days most of the leaders will have settled down for a short rest before the commencement of the winter gaieties. It is fully expected that the season between the opening of winter and Lent will be a more than usually brilliant one. Our new Governor himself is of decidedly high social instincts, and his young family will undoubtedly set a good example, while the new ministerial blood that has been added to the cabinet will also help greatly in this direction.

Talking of the ministers and their families reminds me that the Minister of Customs is expected back from his western trip before SATURDAY NIGHT goes to press. He left here while the talk caused by his matrimonial misadventure was at its height. Hardly any of his colleagues have seen him since that event, so that he has yet to undergo the gentle chaffing that will be certainly his lot to endure when he does encounter them. Sir John certainly will not lose the opportunity to twit him at the first cabinet meeting Mr. Bowell attends. It is stated now, on pretty reliable authority, that the cause of the breaking off the match was that the lady was known to occasion ill joy to the throng of dancers, and when her prospective husband mentioned this circumstance and desired a promise that she should abandon this innocent form of dissipation, she refused.

Sir John Thompson, the new knight, was a very generous host last winter and doubtless will be the responsibility of his new dignity his entertainment will be even more handsome and frequent. Sir John has a nice young family, his two eldest boys being at home just now from Stonyhurst College, the great Roman Catholic University in England.

WATCHMAN.

OSHAWA.

Mrs. C. W. Scott is visiting in Buffalo. Mrs. Jacques of Macedon, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Demill, president of the ladies' college.

Dr. and Mrs. Belt are away on a western trip.

Mr. W. H. Lang has just returned from a month's tour up the lakes and through several cities of the United States.

Dr. Rae left on Thursday for Los Angeles, Cal., to represent the Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F. at the Sovereign Grand Lodge at St. Paul, Minn. Mr. P. Cameron left on Friday for her home in Minneapolis, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, who purposes spending some time in Chicago and St. Paul.

Mrs. M. J. Redman (late of this town) has returned to her home in Detroit.

Mrs. Provan and Miss Addie Hall are sojourning at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams of Toronto were guests at the Queen's last week.

There are rumors of a lawn party, weather permitting, to be given in a good cause, at the residence of Mrs. William Lang. It is late in the season for such, but the house will be thrown open also, and there is ample room in her beautiful home for all.

We have a Chautauqua Circle formed in town, with the mayor and several other prominent names on the list.

Mr. Robert Williams is said to have bought a house in town.

MAPLE CREEK.

The Misses Harris of Banaras, with their sister Mrs. Cox of Simcoe, and Miss Eleanor Skynner, have gone on a trip to the Pacific coast. They intend staying some weeks at the Banff spring, returning by the Northern Pacific after making a stay at the Yellowstone Park.

ORANGEVILLE.

A perfect whirlwind of gaiety has struck our town the past few weeks. The first one to move in the right direction was Mrs. R. T. Haun who gave a splendid party at The Towers which everyone enjoyed thoroughly, as, in fact all the parties given by that lady are enjoyed, as being such a delightful hostess, and the ball room being such a perfect one for dancing in.

The next to fall in line was Mrs. Lewis, whose party was also a very great success. Mrs. Lewis is such a clever hostess that any entertainment she ever undertakes to give is bound to be a success.

Judge McCarthy's beautiful residence was the scene of the next gaiety, and to say it was a success is a very mild way of expressing it. The conservatory was suggestive of an enjoyable time besides several other happily arranged nooks which contributed their share to the enjoyment, being very liberally patronized by the fair ladies and their escorts.

The height of gaiety was attained last Friday evening, the occasion being an assembly given by the gentlemen of the town. Owing to the earliness of the season the number of visitors who attended was very small, those present being natives for the most part. However, it was an assembly that will not soon be forgotten. The music was served as only Marciano can serve it. The floor was perfect, and the company was a most congenial one. Everybody knew everybody else, which is one of the most delightful elements in an assembly. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Haun, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, Miss Doyle, Miss Morgan, Miss Sprout, Miss Steele, Miss Black, Miss Price, Miss Ward, Miss Hornbrook, the Misses Tuck, the Misses Walsh, the Misses Stewart, Miss Hewat and the Misses Fleisher. To Mr. V. V. Lemberger, the honorary secretary, is due a large measure of thanks for the success of this assembly.

On Wednesday of this week the Misses Tuck gave a dance, and like its predecessors it was enjoyed very much—may we have many more equally as nice.

Mrs. W. L. Walsh gave a five o'clock tea on Thursday with dancing after, in honor of her sister Mrs. D. L. Scott, who is visiting with her. It is needless to say that it was appreciated to its fullest extent. It was a very happy idea of Mrs. Walsh making this little innovation after the long list of other parties.

Those visiting in town at present are: Miss F. Morgan (Toronto) at Judge McCarthy's; Miss Sprout (Toronto) with Miss Stewart; Miss Doyle (Detroit) and Miss Steele (Parkdale) with Mrs. Henderson; Miss Ward (Alton) with Mr. Haun; Miss Black and Miss Price (Fergus) with Miss Ketchum; Mrs. Richardson with Miss Hewat; Miss Hornbrook with Mrs. Dennison. Mr. W. N. Irwin has been in town for the past week.

CHATHAM.

Miss Annie Walker of Montreal, Miss Van Cleef of Howell, Mich., Miss Seabrook of Delaware, Miss Duke of Hamilton and Mr. A. W. Draper of Fort MeLeod, N.W.T., are visiting Chatham friends.

Capt. Phillips and wife of Mobile, Tenn., are in town.

Mr. D. M. Christie returned a short time ago from his annual outing, and reports a pleasant canoeing trip from Port Arthur to Winnipeg in company with several gentlemen from the latter city.

The marriage of Wm. M. Goodeve, accountant of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, to Mrs. B. H. G. Vicars, eldest daughter of Rufus Stephenson, ex-M.P., took place on the 11th inst. The wedding, which was a very quiet one—only intimate friends being invited to father, Mr. and Mrs. Goodeve have gone to New York and Boston on their wedding trip, returning from thence to Ottawa, their future home.

Small parties have been very numerous of late, and amongst the more recent was one given by Mrs. Henry Smyth on Monday evening last. Mrs. Smyth is a splendid hostess, and the evening being cool enough to permit of dancing being thoroughly indulged in, every

person had a pleasant and enjoyable time. Among the guests present were Miss Malcolmson, Miss Ardagh, Miss Lyons, Miss Rolfs, Miss Moore, Miss Edith Moore, Miss Hargrave, Miss VanCleave, Miss Fraser, Miss Scott, Miss Taylor, and Messrs. W. Taylor, W. F. Malcolmson, H. Malcolmson, J. F. Dunlop, B. J. Garrett, C. R. Ball, Harry Taylor, H. S. Robertson, B. J. Sandys, A. W. Draper, H. Northwood.

CATYGA.

A number of our young people drove to Dunnville to Miss Hal Johnson's party which was a most enjoyable affair.

Miss Katie Stevenson and Miss May Rogers once more in hapless exile mourn, or in other words these much missed young ladies are again back at the Church school, Toronto.

Captain Battersby, R.N., and Miss Ogilvie of Buffalo have joined our social circle, being at Mrs. E. S. Martin's.

Mrs. Snider, Miss Kilmaster, Miss Baxter and the Misses Cotter are all away, as are Mr. B. Baxter, "Cornie" of the Bank of Hamilton, and Dr. Thompson, who was the more fortunate of those finding life unendurable during a social stagnation.

Mr. Aylwin, from the Ambitious City, is relieving in the Bank of Hamilton.

A banquet was given by a large number of friends in honor of Mr. James Mitchell, the local registrar, on his return from the Pacific slope. In his response to the Guest of the Evening, Mr. Mitchell very pleasingly gave reminiscences of his trip. The gathering broke up about 2 a.m.

Mr. A. T. Thompson's tennis party for his friend and university chum Mr. A. Boulton and Mrs. J. B. Martin, hop for the school girls have been the most enjoyable affairs of the week.

Mr. Harcourt of the Toronto University is with Barrister J. M. Mussen. SAWBONES.

A Breach of Etiquette.

"Joe, I'm done for. Ruin is staring me in the face."

"That's a breach of good manners, isn't it? Stare her back!"

Always Will be Mist.

"Is it not singular," said he as he gazed at the mighty cataract of Niagara, "that the seemingly insignificant quantity of moisture that arises from that vast volume of water should be mist?"

He Left.

"How can I leave thee, O my love!" warbled Adolphus, under the window of Eliza, one shimmering moonlight night, when up spoke the policeman on that beat and harshly said: "Come, now, young man, just move on. The family what lived here moved two weeks ago."

Couldn't Scare Her Off.

Husband (to his wife, who has asked him for money to go shopping)—Don't you know that Sam Jones says hell is full of women shopping? Wife—Sam Jones may be able to scare his wife off with that sort of stuff, but you can't make it work on me. So come down with the currency.

Jewell's Restaurant.

The name of Jewell as an old time Toronto caterer is popular throughout Canada. Recently, however, Mr. Jewell has retired from business, and his well-known restaurant on Jordan street has passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Morgan better known as "Harry," in the days of Jewell & Clow, and since then as manager of the Jewell Restaurant.

Harry has secured from Mr. Jewell the whole of the stock and fixtures, etc., and is now proprietor of the leading house in Canada in the catering line.

It is the intention of the present proprietor to make many changes in the restaurant in its internal arrangements, and Mr. Jewell in the meantime will take a well-earned rest.

Fine manners are like personal beauty—a letter of credit everywhere.

STECK PIANOS

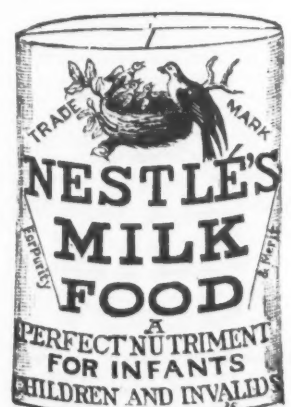
Are Preferred to all others after

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SOLE AGENTS

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Toronto Exhibition, 1888

Ladies visiting the city can consult MADAM BOUDIER as to removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms and hands. It guarantees a permanent cure. References from leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Beware of quacks and frauds as I am the only person who understands the treatment of electrolysis in Canada. Note the address, 603 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. Enquiries may be made by post. Enclose stamp.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.
REEDY—On September 16, at Barrie, Mrs. George Reedy—a son.
DEFOE—On September 17, at 185 Muter street, Mrs. Edward A. Defoe—a daughter.
DARLING—On September 15, at Hillcrest, Rosedale, Mrs. Henry W. Darling—a son.
WALKER—On September 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Harton Walker—a daughter.
RUTTLES—On September 12, at Fairmount, Muskoka Lake, Mrs. C. F. Ruttles—a son.
CLARKE—On September 14, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Russell Clarke—a daughter.
MC CAUL—On September 9, at Lethbridge, N. W. T., Mrs. Charles Courcelles McCaul—a daughter.
LIGHTBOURN—On September 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Edmund T. Lightbourn—a son.
MASON—On September 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Effingham Mason of Napinka, Manitoba—a daughter.
ANDERSON—On September 14, at Toronto, Mrs. D. M. Anderson—a daughter.
BAIRD—On September 13, at Winnipeg, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.
FORD—On September 11, Mrs. J. H. Ford—a daughter.
LETT—On September 17, at Barrie, Mrs. F. A. Lett—a son.
MUTCH—On September 16, at Toronto, Mrs. John Mutch—a son.
RYERSON—On September 17, at Newham House, College avenue, Toronto, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson—a son.
SEWELL—On September 17, at Hamilton, Mrs. Henry Deq. Sewell of Port Arthur, Ont.—a son.
BELL—On September 12, at Toronto, Mrs. H. C. Bell—a son.
SYMONDS—On September 19, at 178 Dovercourt road, Mrs. H. Symonds—a daughter.

Marriages.
DUNCAN—ROWAND—On September 12, at Walkerton, James S. Duncan to Annie Eleanor Rowand.
ROGERS—ROBERTS—On September 11, at Temperanceville, David Arthur Rogers to Ada Elizabeth Roberts, formerly of Scarborough Township.
REVELL—THURSTON—On September 12, at Mount-berg, Levi Revell to Agnes Thurston of Puslinch.
DENNIS—DOWDING—On September 14, at Toronto, Henry Joseph Dennis to Kathleen Maude Dowding of Brantford.
DENOVAN—PARKER—On September 13, at Toronto, Allan M. Denovan to Lizzie Parker.
PETIT—SANDER—On September 13, at Port Perry, Charles Arnold Petit, Belleville, to Florence Hayes Sander.
WHITTET—MCLEAN—On September 12, at Toronto, James Whittet, Richmond, Va., to Clara Grant McLean.
CAMPBELL—GRAHAM—On September 12, at Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, Frederick Charles Campbell of Winnipeg, to Katie Graham of Ottawa.
IRWIN—MEYER—On September 12, Mr. Herbert E. Irwin, B.A., to Minnie Strachan Meyer, of Delmer, Oxford county.
BURNS—KERTLAND—On September 12, at Toronto, Douglas Alston Burns to Anna Mary Kertland.
HIMSWORTH—SPRINGSTEAD—On September 17, at Warton, C. W. Himsworth to Rosa Springstead.
STEWART—GREGG—At Toronto, Thos. Stewart to Edith Lilian Gregg.
YOUNG—TODD—On September 15, at Collingwood, Ed. T. Young to Mary E. Todd.

Deaths.
BOWERMAN—On September 9, at Winnipeg, Man., Carrie M. Stephens Bowerman.
CARR—On September 16, at Stony Creek, Mary Carr.
GROSE—On September 15, at Lefroy, Henry Grose, J.P., aged 80 years.
HAGARTY—On September 17, George Vincent Hagarty, aged 19 years.
MC KIBBON—On September 16, Carrie M. McKibbon.
MC CONNELL—On September 16, at Toronto, Dr. John Stuart McConnell, aged 50 years.
STEAD—On September 16, at Toronto, Mary Ann Stead.
TAYLOR—On September 15, at Galt, Elizabeth Taylor, aged 48 years.
GIBNEY—On September 17, at Stouffville, Ont., Robert Gibney, aged 17 years.
REESOR—On September 15, at Winnipeg, Adeline Anne Smith Reesor.
MC CUTCHEON—On September 16, at Toronto, Bertie McCutcheon, aged 11 years.
COLLINS—On September 15, Patrick Collins, aged 60 years.
ATKINSON—On July 10 at Glasgow, Scotland, Walter Vine Atkinson of Eden Grove, Ont.
HORNOR—On September 14, at Princeton, Thomas M. Hornor.
BOXALL—On September 18, Laura May Boxall, aged 11 months.
WORTHINGTON—On September 16, Harold Beverly Worthington, aged 9 months and 15 days.
ALLEN—On September 10, at Mimico, Sarah Ann Allen, aged 47 years.
BROWN—On September 17, at Bolton Village, William Brown, aged 105.
CLENCH—On September 11, at Cobourg, Eliza Clark Cory Clench, aged 87.
MEEHAN—On September 18, at Toronto, John Meehan, aged 15 months.
TYNER—On September 17, at Toronto, Sage Rowlands Tyner, aged 40.
MC MAHON—On September 19, Hugh Patrick McMahon, aged 25 years.
BRODIE—On September 19, at Toronto, Rose Brodie, aged 23 years.
PETHERSTONHAUGH—On September 19, at Toronto, Fanny Petherstonhaugh, aged 60 years.
ROSE—On September 15, at Geneva, N.Y., Mary Rose, daughter of the late Hon. J. B. Plumb of Niagara.

Enough to Live on.
 Visitor—You have been unfortunate, my friend.
 Convict—Well, I dunno; I robbed a bank of twenty thousand dollars, and only three years for it. That's more money than you can make in three years.

She Misunderstood.
 He—Do you like Punch?
 She (from Cincinnati)—No, but I'm very fond of beer.

True.
 Tramp—No sugar nor milk in my coffee, mum, please. Sugar is bad for me, and milk gives me dyspepsia.
 Lady—You are very careful of your health.
 Tramp—It's necessary, mum. If I didn't keep my health, I couldn't tramp about as a sick man.

Strictly Classical.
 How can I tell classical music? That is easy enough. When you see everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.

The Old, Old Story Boiled Down.
 She (early in the evening)—Good evening, Mr. Sampson.
 Same She (late in the evening)—Good night, George.

Its Chief Beauty.
 We are told that hanging does not stop murder. Perhaps it does not; but it stops the murderer, and that is its chief beauty.

The Correct Version.
 Mrs. H.—Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?
 Norah—No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased.

A Careful Mother.
 Bad little boy (to good little boy)—Hey, Johnny, does yer wan' ter take a hand in de ball game?
 Good little boy—No, I thank you; my mamma doesn't allow me to play with bad boys.
 Bad little boy—What's de matter—does yer ma tink you'll make de bad boys wuss?

Consistency.
 He—And suppose while sitting serenely here some one should be wicked enough to steal a kiss?
 She—I should certainly scream for help.
 (The steal follows.)
 She—Carlo lie down and be still.

He Liked the Results.
 Seedy party (to bartender)—Whisky, please!
 Bartender—What kind, friend?
 Seedy party—Gimme the same as the feller had wot's lyin' under the billiard table.

Physic, for the most part, is but a substitute for temperance.

SATISFACTION



GUARANTEED

The Menu.

Ada—What was your first meal alone with your husband when you left for the honeymoon?
 Elsie (aged 16)—Oh, Charlie let me make it out! We had chocolate ice cream, kisses, lemonade, blanc-mange, Charlotte Russe, strawberries, vanilla ice cream, cocoanut drops, Neapolitan ice cream, wine jelly, bananas, raisins, tutti frutti, milk punch, raspberries, floating island and pistache ice cream.
 Ada—Anything else?
 Elsie (gloomily)—Yes; a long illness.

Handy to Have Around.

"Yes, George," she said, "Uncle James is a lawyer as well as papa and Uncle Henry."
 "Plenty of lawyers, dear," he remarked, with a loving smile.
 "Yes, George; but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any crawling, you know."

Both Miscalled.

Commercial Traveler (in a fascinating tone of voice, to pretty waitress)—Steak an' baked potatoes, Mary.
 Pretty Waitress (haughtily)—My name ain't Mary, Cully.
 Commercial Traveler—Well, don't get mad about it, dear. My name ain't Cully.

The Essence of Contempt.

Alkali Ike—You've got t' leave this ressyvation immediately!
 Boiling Wolf—White man see pappoose?
 Alkali Ike—Course I does.
 Boiling Wolf—White man no scoot, I let him loose!

Forgot About It.

Brown—Have you seen Robinson recently, Dumley? I hear he has been sick.
 Dumley—Yes; I saw him this morning.
 Brown—How is he?
 Dumley—By thunder I forgot to ask him. I just said "How are you, old man?" and passed on.

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 WEEK OF SEPT. 24

By Special Arrangement With Mr. LOUIS ALDRICH, the Best American Play,

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OPENING OF THE SEASON
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ASSISTED BY
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 MR. CARLOS HASSELBRINK
 Solo Violinist Concert-Meister, Metropolitan Opera House, and Seidl's Orchestra, New York.

Pavilion Music Hall
 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27
 Reserved Seats, \$1. Gallery, 50c.

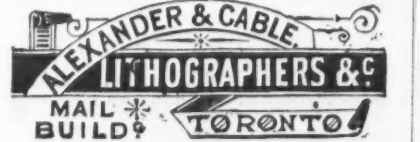
Tickets may be had at all the music stores. Plan opens at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, Monday, September 24, at 10 a.m.

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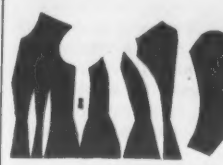
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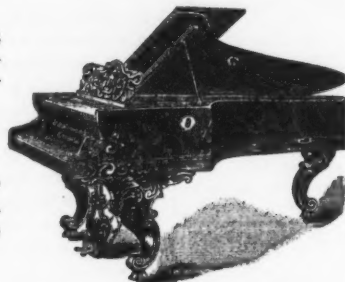
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